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*The Story of Jennie O'Neil Potter*

Anna Randall Diehl

Name

T.C.

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(Potter, J.)  
Diehl



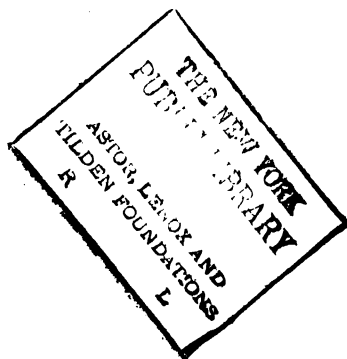














**JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER.**  
**HER LAST PICTURE.**

Mrs M. A. Howes  
from

Anna Randall-Diehl  
October 1901.

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THE STORY OF  
JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER

BY

ANNA RANDALL DIEHL, LITT. D.

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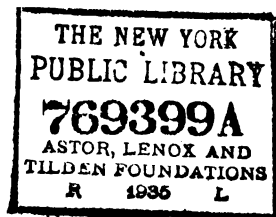
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NOV 21 1935  
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1935

TO

MR. ARTHUR J. O'NEIL

WHOM THE SUBJECT OF  
THESE PAGES LOVINGLY  
CALLED    ♣   ♣   ♣   ♣

*"Brother Art"*

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR

TRANSFER FROM C. Q. MAR 1935

## JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER

Eyes as bright and sparkling ever  
As the lovely Guadalquiver,  
Eyes within whose dark depth lies,  
Hidden hopes and mysteries  
So magnetic in your speech  
That our very hearts you reach;  
By a word our hearts you win  
And more wonderful, retain.  
Am I sad? Sweet sympathy  
You bestow; then merrily  
Talk away the dreadful pain,  
Smile until I smile again.

ANNA DODWORTH

## PREFACE.

---

This book is a labor of love. When the subject of its pages lay upon her little white bed in St. Luke's Hospital, she begged me to write the story of her life.

With her public work I was conversant; of her private history I knew little.

She told me what is partially recorded here at intervals when pain was less excruciating. "Make it like a novel," she said. The mind of the sufferer, though usually clear, sometimes became flighty. And so I wrote to many of her childhood friends for corroboration of her words as well as to obtain incidents which might be of interest to record.

The proceeds of the sale of this book will go to swell the fund which is to be devoted to raising a monument over Jennie O'Neil Potter's grave.

We may imagine that the names of all who aid in paying this tribute to her memory will be invisibly inscribed upon the gleaming marble pointing heavenward.

ANNA RANDALL-DIEHL.





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**3. "FLIRTS AND MATRONS"**

**1. Opening Scene**

**2. College Girl**

**3. Filling Engagements for Club Work**

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# JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER

## CHAPTER I.

### CHILDHOOD.

As with Beatrice in "Much Ado," a star danced when Jennie O'Neil Potter was born. She was the embodiment of sunshine, laughter and song. As free as the birds, and as happy, was this child of nature—of that free, expansive nature which especially belongs to the land toward the setting sun. Her eyes were the color of the Wisconsin sky above her head, her hair as glossy as a blackbird's wing, her slightly brunette tint of skin was set off by cheeks of peach-like bloom.

In a most picturesque spot at the base of a group of green, wooded foothills, in the township of Patch Grove, Wis., nestled the white cottage where dwelt the family of Thomas O'Neil and his wife, Elizabeth.

There were six sons and one daughter. And so it came about that the little Jennie's only

companions were boys, and her constant emulation was to be as daring as her half-dozen wide-awake brothers.

When the little valley was invaded with stranger boys, who came to hunt for birds' nests on the hillsides, or to wade or fish in the little stream that went singing over its pebbly bed, it was Jennie herself who assumed supreme command over the O'Neil forces. Her apron, made of strong domestic gingham, became an arsenal which was quickly filled with the same kind of projectiles as those used of old by the shepherd lad of the tribe of Judah, when he went out to conquer the Philistines.

We may believe that her aim was no less sure than David's, for the enemy was always routed and driven from the field.

But belligerence for its own sake was not the motive which moved the little defender, but rather a sense of right and justice which would not allow the family territory to be encroached upon by those who had come for spoils or to annoy its owners.

Personally, she would have done any one of these little enemies a kindness.

The sense of justice was strong with Jennie O'Neil to the end of her life. "Right is right, and must be defended," she said not a month

before her death, when, in the midst of excruciating pain, she wrote a twelve-page letter for the purpose of straightening out what she considered a wrong.

As a child she was noted for her strict attendance to duty. One instance has been recently recalled: When but seven years of age she was the self-constituted nurse of a young child in a neighbor's family then suffering from illness among its members. She could hear the shouts of children outside the house; they begged her to come out and play with them, but nothing could induce the staunch little creature to neglect her charge.

When Jennie was about ten years of age a lodge of Good Templars was organized in the neighborhood, and the child, young as she was, probably because of her wondrous talents, which might be used for "the good of the order," became a charter member, and was at once one of the leading spirits.

But the girl had not taken this step for any trivial reason. She had resolved to become a temperance reformer, because the iron had already entered her own soul. And so, one day, she threw her clinging arms around her father's neck and begged him to sign the pledge; and what a wave of happiness swept over the child



as she led him into the Templars' Lodge, clothed and in his right mind.

Jennie had an insatiable love of knowledge, but limited opportunities for acquiring an education in the ordinary way.

Her mother was not learned in the schools, but knew books. She had read some work on mythology; had picked up the story of the stars, and could trace the constellations.

It was the delight of the children to gather about her on starry nights and find the Square of Pegasus, on whose bright limits they pictured the flying horse. They saw Cassiopeia in her chair, and counted the stars in the Dipper. But, most of all, they loved to trace the mighty Orion as he moved through the heavens with majestic tread, and as they gazed they recited the words of Job:

"Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

This woman, who dwelt in the quiet little valley, had imagination and poetic sentiment. She loved to sit on her piazza and watch the moon as it rose over a hill near the house, and so, for no other reason than the satisfaction of owning the spot over which the moon rose, she purchased that bit of real estate.

It is easy to see to whom Jennie was indebted

for her love of books, her imagination and poetic temperament. At a very early age the girl had read Shakespeare. She had never been inside of a theater, but she had read about the plays as they were put upon the stage. Oh, how she longed to enact the parts which she had committed to memory.

A favorite nook of hers she called her theater. It was far removed from the house, and in a place not often visited, for chance seldom led any of the family that way.

She had a dog, Sancho by name, who always accompanied the child upon her excursions. More than once he protected her from snakes and wildcats, which were plentiful in that section at the time.

Sancho was always decked out in a chain of daisies or other flowers about his neck. When he came to the theater nothing delighted him more than to play the part of audience when his little mistress recited, and with none else to listen or to criticise, the girl gave her talent full swing. When she finished each scene Sancho barked a loud "encore," thumping the ground with his tail, and in all ways possible expressing the utmost satisfaction.

But when the mad scene from "Hamlet" was acted, and poor Ophelia wept for her dead

father and the loss of Hamlet's love, Sancho writhed in agony, moaning low and long.

For sympathy, give me that which a noble dog exhibits. He reads the mood of one he loves, and by acts which speak more truthfully than words expresses all that a human friend might say.

How Jennie loved to play Rosalind in the forest! Looking into Sancho's great eyes, she would say:

"Are you he that hangs verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so much admired?"

The tail would thump, thump, thump, upon the ground as if the fellow were trying to say:

"I am that he, that unfortunate he."

And so the time rolled on. It was only a small portion of each day which was given to recreation, for Jennie O'Neil had learned to make butter, and cheese, and soft soap. She could wash and brew and cook. There were finally some delightful months at school, when not an opportunity for culture was lost, though this farm-bred girl earned her board and tuition by the busy employment of her hands out of school hours.

She recited for churches, picnics and Fourth of July celebrations.

On one of those occasions, when a high

stump was her platform, she recited a poem entitled "My Birthday."

The applause which followed was long-sustained. When it subsided, the recipient said:

"This is my birthday, too, and before I am double this age you will hear of me from over the sea."

Jennie composed some verses, and wrote little stories, which she did not attempt to get published.

Finally, her sixteenth birthday came.

She had not seen the great world; was as unconventional as the birds and the butterflies, and as unconscious of her beauty.

## CHAPTER II.

### MARRIAGE.

While the winsome Jennie O'Neil was singing to herself from day to day:

"I'm only sixteen, 'tis a nice little age,  
And I would not be younger or older,"

the first serious experience of her life came. Before the year ended she had become the wife of Mr. Charles W. Potter, a young man of excellent character and good family.

In the little home where the young wife busied herself with household cares two children were born, Davie, with eyes and hair like her own, and the fair-haired baby, May. How the mother love went out to these beautiful cherubs confided to her care! It was akin to worship.

The story of Jennie O'Neil Potter's married life and her early widowhood is soon told.

There were financial difficulties which her husband could not surmount. He sought the gold fields of Montana to recoup his fortunes, and there died.

The story of the "Little Traveler," which was written by Mrs. Potter herself for the Minneapolis Journal, and found elsewhere in this book, was not intended as a history, but simply a newspaper story. Though not absolutely true as to the relative ages of the children, the details of the journey and the destination of the "Little Traveler" in the narrative is correct in the main. The names of Davie and May are here substituted for Don and Dot as originally given. Mr. A. J. O'Neil is the kind uncle in the story.

There is no proof that Jennie O'Neil Potter set out in early life to win a career. She spoke her little pieces when scarcely more than a baby, evoking as hearty applause from the people of her native town as that which greeted the fin-

ished artist when in after years she captured the great audiences before whom she appeared throughout her own country and in Europe.

It was not until she found herself with two children to support, and had tried other means of livelihood, that she began to think of turning her histrionic gifts to pecuniary use. Hitherto she had recited spontaneously, just as the birds sing. She had studied under no teacher, save her own vivid imagination, good sense and native judgment.

Necessity made the little woman suddenly practical, and it did not take her long to think out a plan and put it into execution.

She had sometimes recited at a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and she reasoned that if she could prepare something especially suitable to be given at such meetings, one Post would recommend her to another, and she would have no difficulty in making engagements.

She would style herself "The Daughter of the Regiment" and would recite "Sheridan's Ride" and other patriotic poems.

For this a suitable costume must be prepared. And so, with her own nimble fingers, she made a jaunty gown of red, white and blue, then procured a short sword to wear at her side, a canteen at her back, a broad sash for further

adornment, and a soldier's cap to deck her curly head.

In this attire she seemed to be a girl of not more than fifteen years of age.

Thus accoutered, she practised her repertoire for hours daily, until at last she felt fully prepared for the work she had set out to do. Then she called upon some members of the Grand Army Post in the town where she lived, told what she had done, and begged a hearing.

Shortly after, under their auspices, she received her first earnings as a reader. As she had anticipated, engagements were made with other Posts, and small sums obtained. She was made the guest of the G. A. R. of Minnesota, and was taken by them to the encampment of the G. A. R. at Columbus, Ohio, where she appeared as the "Daughter of the Regiment." She now recited whenever there was a dollar to earn or a newspaper notice to be obtained.

She gave lessons in elocution, all in her own way, whenever a pupil could be found. From first to last, this child of genius was original. She never copied other people, she seldom did what was expected of her.

It was little money she earned—scarcely sufficient to furnish the bare necessities for herself

and the children, but the brave little woman worked on undauntedly, hoping for greater success in the future.

Just then a crisis followed by a great grief came in her life, and professional work was for a time suspended.

### CHAPTER III.

#### LITTLE MAY.

When the child was not more than three years of age she had the imagination of a poet and a power of expression far beyond her years.

"Mamma, what do people wear in Heaven? They don't go without clothes, do they?"

"No, darling," the mother answered; "while we are here on earth there is a beautiful robe prepared for each of us; and it is all ready to put on when we get to Heaven."

"Well, tell me one thing, mamma—Who is Dod's dressmaker?"

Little May was beautiful beyond description, and seemed to have all fairy-like attributes and graces. When the mother recited, she often spoke her baby pieces. Applause was as sweet to the child as if she had reckoned its value in a financial way. She only knew that her little ef-



forts had pleased the people, and she was glad to make them happy.

A year or more passed.

One day the watchful eye of the mother noticed that the baby seemed to run about with less freedom than had been her wont. At times she threw her little hand behind her, as if pressing the spine; her face grew white, and there was a sigh, as of sore weariness.

"What is it, darling?" the mother would say.

"I'm only tired," the wee one would answer, and the next minute would be busy with her play.

The young mother could not but be oppressed with forebodings. There was no outward appearance of disorder in the beautiful little body, still it would not do to neglect medical advice.

But it would cost money to consult specialists. She could scarcely do more than obtain food for the two babies that hung upon her skirts, and how could she pay doctors' bills?

One man there was who gave consultations free at certain hours, but his office was nearly two miles away from the house where dwelt the little family.

It was early summer, and the days were getting hot, but the baby must be taken to the doctor. And so the young mother carried the child

in her arms all the long distance, reaching the place in time to be among the first of the many who thronged the office daily.

The man of science looked grave when examining the little patient.

"Are you, indeed, the mother of this child?" he asked.

"I am," she answered. "O, doctor, don't tell me there is anything serious the matter."

"But there is something very serious, something for which I have no remedy. If you would save the baby's life, she will have to be taken to New York. I will give you the name of a specialist, who will, at my solicitation, give her free treatment. It will cost you a great deal of money to make the journey and return, to say nothing of your expense while there."

"I will go," the little mother said, resolutely, "God will help me."

The good doctor drew from his pocket four five-dollar bills which he pressed into her hands, saying, "There, that is my little contribution, and here is the name and address of the specialist. I will write to New York at once, and prepare for you there."

The sun was far up in the heavens as Jennie Potter carried her child back over the weary two miles.

The little girl was a chubby one. It was no small weight: but the anxious mother knew no more of fatigue than if she had been carrying a feather. Over the distance she flew, for there was no time to be lost.

Near the home lived a kind neighbor, and there the little girl was left while the mother hurried to the railway station.

Here she asked for the superintendent of the road, and saw him at once. She was a stranger to the man, but, with touching pathos, she told her story. She wished for a railroad pass to New York and return, that her baby's life might be saved.

"You shall have it," the official said. "Go, and God bless you."

To the pass he added an order for a sleeping-car berth the entire distance, with ten dollars for food, or any other purpose which might be needed.

Though armed with the means of making the journey and meeting part of the expense in the great city, mother and child must be suitably clad. And so the courageous woman sought out the proprietor of the largest dry goods establishment in the town and to him told her story, begging the privilege of purchasing a few

articles upon trust; and promising to pay for them at the first moment possible.

Jennie O'Neil had even then the gift of eloquence which not only finds expression in words, but in all that goes to give them power. She was in deadly earnest: only a man with a heart of stone could have withstood her pleadings.

"Buy what you wish, and pay when you can," was the reply of the merchant.

Three days only were taken to get ready for the journey. In that time a tidy traveling dress had been made for herself, a hat trimmed and a few pretty slips and a cloak made for the baby. The kind neighbors had helped: a few friends had made up a little purse.

Two days and two nights was the time on the road. The jar of the train made the baby worse; the heat was intense.

Did the brave little mother feel weariness? She was made of steel. She lost herself in forgetfulness only when the child slept. She believed she herself had not slept at all. She believed she was not even tired.

At last the great city was reached. It was near night, too late to go to the great specialist until the morrow. What hours and hours of waiting it would be!

The cheap boarding house, which somebody

had recommended, was found, supper obtained, and mother and baby both fell asleep as soon as their heads touched the pillow.

The next morning the little mother found that the distance was too great for her to carry the child in her arms to the doctor, besides she had never been in a large city in her life, and might get lost. And so she found a kind-faced man who had a coupé, and to him she appealed.

Could he take her and the baby where she wished to go for a very reasonable sum?

"I have come all the way from Minnesota," she said, "because the doctors there could not cure my baby, and I have not much money."

"You don't mean to say that you are the mother of that child?" the man said, incredulously.

"To be sure I am, and of a boy older," she replied. There was no mistaking the man's nationality. "My father is an Irishman," she said.

And that settled the matter.

"For the sake of the old sod, I'll not charge ye much, and when your money gets too low I will take you for nothing. It's me own horse and coupé, and nobody's business if I do ye a kind turn."

The man was as good as his word, and many

a time he gave them a little drive in the Park in addition to the trip to the doctor's.

One day, after the kind-hearted cabman had made the journey to the doctor and return with the baby and mother, he said:

"Lady, I wish you knew my wife. I live just over my stable. Won't you take the little girl there to see her, sometimes?"

The invitation was accepted in the spirit in which it had been offered, and more than once baby and mother were entertained in the neat little rooms over the stable.

The dear little May grew better under the skillful treatment of the city doctor; he even gave hope of her complete restoration. And so, after a time, the journey back to the West was made, and the mother and her two children were again in their little home.

For a brief time all went well; though the child's eyes had a new brilliancy, the roses bloomed on the little cheeks; she frolicked, she laughed; it seemed that health had come back never to depart.

But one day she grew ill, on the next she was worse. The doctor came; he could not deny that the end was near.

"Mamma," the wee one said one night, "I think I hear wings, not little birdies' wings. I

think the angels are coming to take me where God is."

The little waxen hand tried to wipe away the tears which were flowing like rain from the mother's eyes.

"Don't you cry, mamma; May will come for you some day. God will tell me when to come."

Soon after that there was a little mound in the cemetery, where day after day a girlish form sat weeping.

Little Davie was still left to comfort the mourner, and one day kind friends came and took mother and child away for a few weeks.

When they returned to the little grave again a white stone had been raised, bearing the words:

### "OUR LITTLE MAY."

And the mound was covered with flowers. It was a tribute from the Grand Army Post for which the mother had so often recited as the "Daughter of the Regiment."

After Jennie O'Neil Potter's death the following fragment of a letter was found among her papers. It had been written to her after her entrance to the white marble hospital on Cathedral Hill, when all hope of restoration to health was over. We should like to add the name of

the writer, had it been found, so touching, so beautiful are the words:

"While this world has much of sunshine and yields much that is enjoyable, it can in no way compare with that country to which you go.

"There you will find your lost treasure, your little May. I never visit Minneapolis that I do not lay some offering upon that little grave, and this I shall continue to do as long as I live.

"But while I kneel upon the cold earth that covers the sacred dust of your child, you will be hand in hand with her in the presence of Him who doeth all things well."

## CHAPTER IV.

### CLAIMING THE PROMISE.

The death of Baby May nearly crushed out the young mother's life: for some time she had no heart for doing anything in public.

With little Davie, she went to the farm, and there tried to interest herself in rural things, and for a brief time succeeded.

But the wings of genius would not remain folded, and, after a few months of quiet, Jennie began to think of appearing before immense audiences in the East.

She presented glowing pictures to her father



and brothers, and begged them to advance her money to go to New York, where she was sure a fortune waited to drop at her feet.

And so it came about that ere long the Western girl was again in the great metropolis.

She had stopped on the way at two or three places to try to obtain engagements, but without success, and now her little purse was nearly empty. Something must be done to earn money, and at once. Two or three days more, and but one dollar remained. But Jennie O'Neil Potter had faith. She believed God would help her if she put her trust in him. And so she covered the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel with her last greenback and prayed that she might find some means of earning money before the set of that day's sun. That God would fail to grant the prayer never came into her mind. Did not her last dollar cover the immutable promise: "*If ye shall ask anything, in My name, I will do it*"?

She prayed that she might think what to do for herself, and while she prayed she suddenly remembered that she had heard of Major Pond, who made engagements for readers and lecturers. Perhaps God meant to have him help her.

The directory at the corner drugstore told her

where to find the well-known manager's place of business, and thither she hastened at once.

The Major was not at his office, she learned: he would not return again that day.

"But is there not some one to represent him?" she asked. "It is very important," she continued, not waiting for a reply. "I want engagements to recite and pupils to teach, and at once. I am a long way from home, with no friends in this great city. I know I shall succeed in New York, if I can only begin."

"There was a lady here only a few minutes ago asking for a teacher of elocution," said the young man whom Miss Potter had so confidently addressed. "Ah! there she is now. I will introduce you."

"This young lady seeks for pupils in elocution, and you desire a teacher," he said a moment later; "perhaps it is fortunate that you have met here to-day."

"What are your terms?" was, of course, the first question asked by the lady.

Jennie had taught grown people for fifty cents a lesson and children for half price in her Western home, but she had heard that good teachers in New York received five dollars an hour for lessons, and so she named that sum, most confidently.

"Oh, but I cannot pay so much," said the lady. "My husband has not a large salary, and he could not afford to spend that amount simply for the purpose of giving me pleasure."

"I'll take you for luck as my first pupil in New York," was the quick reply. "You may pay me whatever you like, if you will begin the lessons at once."

And so it was arranged that the teacher should call at the lady's residence at six o'clock that evening, when the husband would be there to talk the matter over.

It was a young married couple. The lady had been suffering from a temporary illness, and upon her recovery the husband had promised to give his wife whatever she wished, provided it was within his means to do so.

She preferred a course of lessons in elocution to anything else, she had said—reminding her husband that but for a hasty marriage she would have studied before.

And so it came about that Jennie O'Neil Potter's visit was apropos to the time. She was invited to dine with the young couple, and when it was found that she had not yet secured a permanent boarding place, the young man said, "Why not come with us, and exchange board for lessons?"

And so the opportunity to remain in New York was secured, as the Western girl firmly believed, by placing her last dollar over the fourteenth chapter of John and claiming the promise recorded there.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE RECEPTION.

Six months after Miss Potter came to New York she shared a studio with three other girl artists—a pianist, a singer, and a whistler—and, in order to make themselves known, they decided to give a reception, when a hundred invitations would be sent out.

“What a treat it would be to the ‘cabby’ who had befriended her a few months before,” thought Miss Potter, “if he and his wife could come and see the great people and hear the music and recitations.”

And so, when the right time came, the girl who “had come out of the West” took an invitation in her hand and climbed the stairs over the stable.

“Shure, it is kind of you, lady,” said the woman, “but I never went to such a place, and I’ve nothing to wear.”

"Oh, come in your Sunday clothes; you will be all right," cried the little society leveler. "I shall look for you, without fail?"

The night came. The Western girl received her guests in a filmy gauze gown designed and made by her own skillful fingers, and trimmed with the flowers she loved best of all, pink carnations.

There was an originality of style which agreed with the wearer, and made of her a dream of beauty. Among the many guests in costly array, none was more charmingly attired than Miss Potter herself.

As might be expected, there was a stir when cabby and his lady entered. The woman wore a diagonally folded shawl, evidently an heirloom in her family. Her gown was of blue silk. It had graced her ample form six years before, when she was married in the old country. As might be supposed, the fashion was peculiar. The white chip hat carried ribbons and flowers in wild profusion, but it adorned a fair, sweet face, which still had the fresh tint of color which had made the Irish lassie thought so beautiful in her old home beyond the sea.

As for Michael—he had on a big necktie of flaming red, a buff velveteen jacket and a coat with shining buttons. His face was red from

exposure to the weather; his shoes, of ample size, were polished to the highest degree; his hands were enveloped in policeman's gloves of immaculate white cotton.

Miss Potter, who had been on the lookout, hastened forward to greet the newcomers before they had scarcely crossed the doorsill.

"I am glad to see you," she said, shaking their hands heartily; "nobody is more welcome than you, and now I hope you will have a good time."

"You look like an angel," said Mike, in subdued voice.

"That she do," chimed in his wife.

By this time there was a general commotion throughout the room, and one of the co-hostesses beckoned Miss Potter aside, and said:

"Why, you must have made a terrible mistake. Who are those people, and why are they here?"

The contrast between the cabman and his wife and the other guests was more than Miss Potter had expected; but the daughter of Thomas O'Neil had Irish wit equal to the occasion.

"Hush!" she said; "they may hear you. I'll tell you a secret. It is a very wealthy German Count and his wife. They are a little eccentric,

as you can see, but very exclusive, and do not wish to be presented to anybody."

"But you must introduce me, as I am receiving with you," said Miss Potter's friend.

"No, I am so sorry," she answered; "you would enjoy talking with them immensely if they would condescend, but I have given my word not to make them acquainted with any one."

"I did not go far from the couple, you may be sure, for fear of the consequences," Miss Potter said to me when telling the story long afterward, "and I half expected to hear a voice ring out, 'Want a cab? Cab? Cab? Cab?'"

The titled pair listened to the music for a while, then went to the refreshment-room with their hostess, after which Mike said, "I think we must go now. You know I have to be up early in the morning. We have had a good time, and we thank you. It was kind in you to invite us, but I could not help thinking all the time of the beautiful baby who is sleeping under the daisies in your far-away home."

The tears sprung into the bereaved mother's eyes, and there were big lumps in her throat. She was "Miss" Potter now, the married cognomen having been dropped for business purposes. In all the great city only this strange couple knew that little children had called her "mamma"

and that she mourned for the little cherub now in Paradise.

It required a mighty effort to hide her emotion; but a moment after the departure of the titled couple the guests were calling upon Miss Potter for a recitation.

She could not have told a tale of doughty deed, or rollicking humor. One little poem alone would allow her pent-up emotions vent. And so she spoke the exquisite lines of Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue," while all the time she thought of her own darling fair-haired Baby May. There were bright drops in her eyes and tears in her voice, and people thought how natural and simple it was all done.

### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and stanch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
And the soldier was passing fair;  
And that was the time that our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise!"



So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,  
He dreamt of his pretty toys;  
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy-friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place—  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face,  
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,  
In the dust of the little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

## CHAPTER VI.

### AN AMATEUR.

Said Mr. H. J. Cleveland, in the Chicago Times-Herald:

I remember some ten or twelve years ago having to stay over night in a country town where Miss Potter was advertised to appear for the benefit of some society or church. Her fame had not yet been made. Her gifts of voice and magnetism were at their freshest. This was quite

a little time before she passed on to New York. The entertainment was varied with a piano solo by a local amateur, an address on the goodness of all things by a minister, and a song from a young lady who was too frightened to do more than choke and impress the listeners with the thought that her theme was apoplectic. The relief of the evening was Miss Potter, untried, almost untrained, hopeful, blessed with beauty and courage, and rich with feeling.

\* \* \*

The audience was a mixture of farmers, small grocers, barefooted boys, old ladies, and giggling girls. Perhaps there were three hundred present at 25 cents for the elders and 15 cents for the young. The people gathered together were those accustomed to gape, to take much simple pleasure in simple things. Such an evening as was before them was a break in the monotony of their lives. Their praise for the programme prepared would be given to that which most touched the depths of their natures. For village folk and they who live near to the soil seem to have depths for deeper sounding than we of the flashing, fire-veneered city. Miss Potter came before them as one of their

own. For her recitation she had chosen Tennyson's "The Grandmother," something not much read in these days. I asked Miss Potter when she was in Chicago last year if she had ever made frequent use of the piece, and she answered:

"Never since that night—people do not understand it."

But her country audience that night did understand it, for was it not out of their lives?

\* \* \*

Ah, the way in which she gave them the lines:

"Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born, the flower of the flock;

Never a man could fling him, for Willy stood like a rock."

Never a country boy that wrestled but who understood the words and gestures of the young girl on the platform as with perfect mimicry she brought out this cry of the granny. Not one of the people before her thought that it was Miss Potter speaking to them—no, it was the old dame mourning the loss of her Willy, the crone before the dying embers of the fire, moaning and mourning for the coming of death.

"Strong of his hands and strong on his legs, but still  
of his tongue!  
I ought to have gone before him; I wonder he went  
so young."

It was possible to see the old folk growing nervous in their seats. The pathos of the moment was upon them, and they were stirred. As for the little boys and little girls, they were singularly quiet. The reciter went on.

\* \* \*

She threw out a clinched hand with bitter meaning in its force as she exclaimed:

"Why do you look at me, Annie? You think I am  
hard and cold;  
But all my children have gone before me; I am so  
old,  
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;  
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with  
the best."

This is high art which lifts the human from without its mean and dark environments and faces it not only with the tragedy, but the truth of life. And this girl so did with these country people. They brushed away the hasty tear, they chokingly coughed, the women rustled their

plain gowns, and the men noisily moved their feet. As for Miss Potter, she, too, had passed from self-consciousness into the personality of the old grandmother, and she was making her wail beat into the minds before her with irresistible force. Her eyes and theirs were filled with tears as she cried out:

"So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;  
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour—  
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;  
I, too, shall be gone in a minute.

No hand applauded as she ended. No higher tribute could have been given than the silence that prevailed. By and by a small boy moved, and then the elders rose and filed slowly out of the place, and as slowly went on to their homes.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A PROFESSIONAL.

Miss Potter's professional life may be said to have begun after she had reached New York. On from the West she came, crowned with

laurels from Patch Grove, and armed with letters of recommendation from the best people of the town and its vicinity.

That she would not capture New York and all the great cities of the East at once had never entered her curly head.

Two bitter disappointments she was doomed to meet. Very few people appeared to have heard of the talented reader, Jennie O'Neil Potter, and nobody knew the geographical location of Patch Grove. "To be sure, the world is a large place," she thought, "but people need not be so ignorant. I have heard of New York and Chicago, and is there any reason why people should not have heard of Patch Grove?" She felt sorry for people in general, but, like a wise girl, she contained herself and carefully thought the matter over.

As the result of her deliberations, she resolved to strike for the endorsement of those occupying the top round of society's ladder. Mrs. William C. Whitney was an acknowledged leader in Washington, and thither the plucky girl went. She succeeded in getting an audience with Mrs. Whitney, convincing that most gracious and accomplished lady that she might with safety to her reputation as a judge of meritorious talent endorse the winsome candidate for favor.

The result was readings at Mrs. Whitney's home, followed by invitations to appear at many other places. From Mrs. Hearst Miss Potter received the first fee of \$100 for a single evening. Mrs. Wanamaker also became a patron, and all doors were now open. Friends, admiration, money, success, everything, came to the Patch Grove beauty and genius.

Then came Miss Potter's triumphs in Europe, when she was patronized by Mrs. John W. Mackay, Mrs. John Ward, and the principal Americans found in London. The recitation at Marlborough House for the Prince of Wales and her family was an extraordinary compliment to an American artist.

At another entertainment Princess Marie Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, the Duchess of Manchester, and other of the court circles were present. She became in great demand at all the West End entertainments, where her graceful figure, handsome, refined face and musical voice combined to secure the desired popularity. The press of London was generous in its praise.

"Nature has added to the personal attractions of Miss Potter's dramatic ability amounting to genius," said Black and White. The Court Journal called her a great favorite, and the Gentlewoman spoke of her thus: "Her style is unique,

she possesses a good voice, and great power of expressing and portraying the joys and sorrows of the imaginary persons in her recitals, moving her audience almost to tears in the pathetic scenes, and convulsing them with laughter at her grotesque descriptions. There is a bright career for this attractive and promising young American."

Miss Potter was now at the height of her power. Did success turn her head? Not in the least. There was the same spontaneity and breeziness, as inspiring as it was infectious. This idea was expressed by one who said, "I like to hear Miss Potter recite, because I always think 'That is exactly as I would say the thing myself.'"

As compared with the old-fashioned, so-called entertainers, Miss Potter might have said, with Marc Antony, "I am no orator as Brutus is; I only speak right on; I only speak what I do know." It was this latter fact, especially, which made her so proficient in reading from Will Carleton, Whitcomb Riley, Bret Harte and other Western writers. It was her own vernacular; she not only understood the patois employed, but was en rapport with the spirit behind the words.

King Edward VII., then the Prince of Wales,



had discerned this when he called Jennie O'Neil Potter "the queen of dialect readers."

But her success in the monologue, that branch of dramatic art which M. Coquelin, the well-known French actor, first introduced and made popular, was no less decided.

While delivering the lines and acting the part of the heroine, with consummate skill, she peopled the stage so successfully with imaginary characters that each seemed to live and move and fully participate in the action and speech.

In a paper upon the monologue which Miss Potter read by invitation at the woman's section of the Columbian Exhibition she said: "The characters of the monologue are beings of the imagination, they need no contracts with managers, the soubrettes never elope, and if real bad luck comes, only one of the company has to walk home."

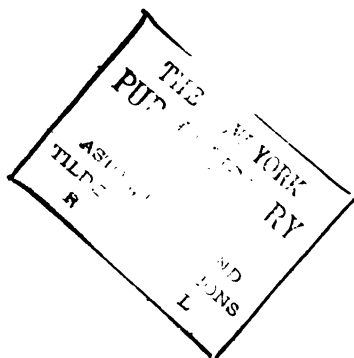
## CHAPTER VIII.

### "SALVATOR."

Stories of extraordinary rides and races have always been favorite themes with reciters. The candidates for elocutionary fame who have whipped up the horses of Ben Hur in the Chariot



THE JOCKEY IN "SALVATORE."



Race are only equalled by those who have hung 'twixt heaven and earth on the clapper of the Curfew Bell.

"Sheridan's Ride" was written especially for James E. Murdock, who recited it before the ink was scarcely dry. One of the favorite readings of Charlotte Cushman was "The Ride of the Auld Squire," which was, indeed, a race with Death himself.

"The Ride of John Gilpin," often given by the actors of an earlier day, is one of the best pieces of comedy ever written.

The following record forms the subject of the famous poem "Salvator":

"June 25, 1890, at Sheepshead Bay racing course, there was a match at one and a quarter miles for \$5,000 a side, and \$5,000 more by the Coney Island Jockey Club. Salvator, 122 pounds, ridden by Murphy, beat Tenney, 112 pounds, ridden by Garrison, by a head, in 2:05, the best time on record."

The poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox describing this race was one of Jennie O'Neil Potter's best renditions of single selections. And how she reveled in it!—for the reciter loved horses and understood them.

Just over the hill from her father's home

lived Jennie's uncle, John O'Neil, who raised horses, fine, spirited ones, who were not often beaten upon the track. The girl hardly remembered when she could not ride without a saddle—fast holding by the mane. She says herself: "I would jump on one of the horses and go tearing down the country road like a madcap, singing, shouting from pure delight of living, and my spirit would get into the horse, and he would snort and strain every muscle in a mad gallop. Ah! those were glorious days!"

Little Jennie's mother feared that an accident would some time come from these mad rides, but something seemed to prevent her from using the power of command over the irrepressible child of nature.

Years after, when Jennie O'Neil Potter stood forth in her gaily colored jockey suit and depicted "How Salvator Won the Race," it would have required only a little stretch of imagination to have pictured that great audience on the grandstand at Sheepshead Bay. Many of them had, indeed, witnessed the celebrated match race between Salvator and Tenney. Now they see a bright-faced, curly-haired little woman leaning out over the footlights, every nerve at tension, her eyes flashing like electric sparks, while both

hands are grasping the imaginary bridle-rein that is coaxing Salvator on to victory.

"The first mile is covered," she fairly shouts, and as her swaying body keeps time to the rhythm of the verse, the faces of the audience are a study. Some fairly rise in their seats as they fancy they see that grand race over again. They even pull out their watches and time the piece. The race is run in 2:05. When, with a half-yell, half-scream, the words, "I lift my horse by a NOSE past the stand," comes, she shoots her pretty right arm straight up overhead, and men and women burst into storms of applause. "Encore! Encore!" is shouted, and the little jockey has to return. As she advances to the front, raising her cap and bowing all the way, "Encore! Encore!" is still the cry. Quick to know just when to pick up the lines for greatest effect to the footlights, she comes and dashes off again the closing lines of the race.

Another and wilder salvo of applause bursts out spontaneously. A moment more and the jockey is in the box where sits the proud and happy author—herself a Wisconsin girl, who in her childhood knew the prairies well.

And there they stand, the one scarcely more matronly than the other. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was never more thoroughly appreciated or bet-

ter represented than on that night when Salvator won the race on the stage of the Knickerbocker Club Theater in New York.

And all that skill of manage had been learned on the stock farm at home. People did not know then that Jennie O'Neil was "to the manner born," that only such success could come to one to whom horses were an open book.

"Ah! I tell you," said Miss Potter a short time before her death, "many's the good race Salvator and I have ridden to the finish together. Both in New York and London I made my big success with that poem. You should hear them shout on the grandstand—I mean in the audience—when we got to the post. It was my dear old daddy's blood that did it. Do you think I could ever have ridden Salvator in the drawing-rooms of the world if I hadn't grown up in a stable? Never in a thousand years!"

And never a reciter, we may add, in all the days to come, will bring Salvator such glory as did Jennie O'Neil Potter.

## CHAPTER IX.

## MONOLOGUES.

The monologues given by Miss Potter were always especially written for her. They are copyrighted, and have never yet been published.

In order that an idea may be formed of the versatility of this wonderful woman, who delineated so many characters, brief descriptions of her monologues are given. As the illustrations in the great sketch known as "Flirts and Matrons" appear in the book, a description of the costumes is added.

## "WHICH?"

Mr. Charles Banard, author of "The County Fair," is the author of this one-act monologue.

Briefly told, the story is that of a young society belle who hesitates between two suitors. One is wealthy and can give her every luxury to which she has been accustomed. The other can only offer love. But her sister has married for love, and having been disowned by her father, is now suffering in poverty.



If she marries the poor man for love, she may suffer the same fate; if she make a rich match she may help her distressed sister. The question is, "Which?"

The story of the heroine's pilgrimage into the slums in search of her sister; her meeting with "Little Monday," and the Salvation lassie, who helps her solve the vexed question, is ingeniously told. The climax is worked out happily and very effectively when the heroine makes all the other characters happy and marries her true love.

#### "A LETTER FROM HOME."

By Horace Townsend, of London. An American girl, the only child of a wealthy Western man, has whiled away six months in the gay metropolis of France. She is in doubt whether to accept the proposal of an English Lord or a French Marquis, when a letter from her old father brings her back to the memories of home and her Dick, whom she has loved for years and almost forgotten in the gay life she is now leading.

After the perusal of a letter which occupies the entire second scene of the monologue, she comes to the realization of the fact that an Amer-

ican is good enough for a girl of any nationality, and decides at once to return to her father and Dick. After reading the letter she says, "How well I remember the old porch covered with honeysuckles and morning-glories—and chickens," she adds, as an afterthought.

### "ORANGE BLOSSOMS."

by Horace Townsend, represents a young girl as an heiress who is about to be married. In her girlish excitement and anticipations, she confides to her girl friends how much she thinks of her betrothed, and how good he is.

After having her enthusiasm somewhat dampened by a talk with a cynical girl friend, she receives a call from her dressmaker's assistant, and in the course of the interview it develops that the man whom she is to marry has already been the husband of this girl, whom he has afterward deserted.

The young woman is heart-broken at the discovery, and her joy of a few hours previous turns to the bitterest grief over the destruction of her idol.

It will be seen what a wide range the impersonator had in depicting so many forms of hu-

man emotion, from mirth with its love and happy carelessness to the agonies of disappointment.

### "FLIRTS AND MATRONS."

was written by Robert Griffin Morris.

It was in rendering this splendid dramatic sketch that Miss Potter reveled, and in it her greatest reputation was earned. There was always a warm, caressing tone even in her voice whenever she spoke the words "Flirts and Matrons," so much she loved to render it.

The success of the "first night," as described by the author, is given in this volume.

The monologue represents eight stages in the career of Emily Livingston, and in it all the joys and sorrows of a long life are comprised.

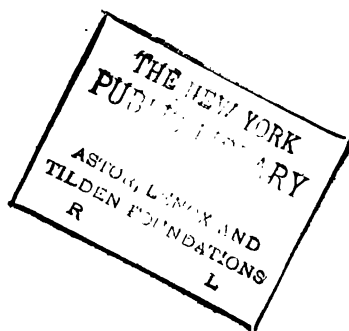
There are two acts of four scenes each, showing the child, the college girl, the society bud, the full-blown flower as a belle, the bride, the wife, the mother, and the grandmother.

Only a person of unusual talent and versatility could portray the characters one by one as they appear. The rapidity with which the changes of costume were made won for Miss Potter in England the name of "the Electric Entertainer."



**"FLIRTS AND MATRONS."**

**OPENING SCENE.**



In the beginning of the sketch the child is a hoyden; she lies on the floor, plays with her doll, and yet flirts with a boy playmate.

"You can't come here, Charley Smith," she says. "I don't like boys. He is mad and gone, Dollie. If you want a boy to like you, just make him mad. . . . O, mamma, I don't want to practice my music; but if I must, I must, I suppose."

The college girl completes her systematic study before entering society. She plays tennis and golf, she boxes, indulges in long walks; has not made up her mind whether to study law or divinity.

"I was born for better things than matrimony," she says; "no man shall say to me, 'Come here,' 'Go there.' I'll emancipate my sex."

At her *début* in society, however, her radicalism takes flight. She even condescends to indulge in the smallest of talk with her various admirers, but meets her fate in the person of Mr. Stewart. "O, mamma," she says, at the close of the evening, "must we go home? Good night, Mr. Stewart. He presses my hand as if he would crush it. Good-night. Adieu! He has kept some of my violets."

Six months after the *début* the bud is a full-blown rose. She has invitations to afternoon

teas, charity concerts and balls; has various offers of marriage. Charley Smith, her boyhood lover, again appears upon the scene.

"I know what you would tell me," she says. "I have shadowed your dreams, broken your heart, ruined your prospects. They all say that." Later in the day she accepts the offer of Arthur Stewart.

As a bride she rejoices in an expensive trousseau and the fact that she is to marry the most distinguished man of her set.

"Strange," she says, "one must give up all one's friends and admirers for one man. What is innocent flirtation with the girl would be wickedness with the wife. They come to lead me to the altar. Good-bye, Emily Livingston; good-bye, my girlhood days."

The wife, after six months which has been spent in wandering in Italy and in the islands of Greece, finds herself settled down at home. Until now, the pair have not been separated an hour since their marriage. But one evening the wife receives a telegram which tells her not to expect her husband home to dinner.

"I suppose he thinks, as he is married now, he can neglect me as much as he likes," she says, bursting into tears. . . . I would get a divorce, but I love him, and it is for better or

for worse, until death do us part." . . . But when he comes, she cries, "O, Arthur, Arthur, where have you been? Kiss me, Arthur; kiss me."

In another scene the mother is in the nursery with the children, when the husband joins the group. After the children have gone to bed she says, "O, Arthur, how much we have to make us happy—our prosperity, our love for each other, and our four dear little ones."

Last scene of all: The grandmother, who is wrapt in memories, in the same house where fifty-five years before she was a newly wedded bride. Her husband has long since gone to the world of spirits, her children have married, and grandchildren have come to make her happy. It is Thanksgiving night, and they are coming to the old home. One of her flock is a wanderer; for twenty years she has not had a line from him.

"Charlie, my lost boy, where are you to-night?" she says. Later he comes. "It is Charlie. God bless you all."

The dress of the child is of a soft yellow silk.

The college girl is in walking costume, consisting of an ulster of tan Melton cloth, common-sense shoes and Derby hat.

The dress of the débutant is of chiffon over



white satin duchesse. It is embroidered with rosebuds and leaves. There is a girdle of embroidered chiffon at the waist; the neck and elbow sleeves are trimmed with the same.

The belle, now a full-blown rose, wears a robe of filmy tulle over a creamy satin, trimmed with rare old lace.

The bridal dress is a princess gown of heavy satin duchesse, with a demi-train. The square corsage is trimmed with fine-cut, iridescent beads; they are also used to embellish the double box-plait which forms the front of the dress. Over all falls the long veil of tulle, caught up in sprays of orange blossoms.

The wife wears a tea gown of canary-colored crêpe de chine in the nursery. There is a Medici collar and angel sleeves over sleeves of lace. The front of the gown is of heliotrope lace; there are bows and ends of ribbon of the same color. Her husband has come to the nursery in the afternoon, and she is in the act of handing him a cup of tea.

The grandmother is clad in black, with a white kerchief about her neck. A fur robe is thrown across her lap for protection against the cold. Her hair is white as snow. She holds in her hands an album, which contains the picture of the long-absent son.

From the hoyden girl, lying at full length upon the floor, to the silver-haired grandmother represents a lifetime. That Miss Potter portrayed and for the time being she was in looks and action the embodiment of the character represented during the various periods of life.

## CHAPTER X.

### PATCH GROVE.

It was in the studio of Miss Louise Lawton, the sculptor, in the Palmer House, Chicago, that the artist clasped the warm hand of Jennie O'Neil Potter, and said, "Do you know why I like you? Well, it is because you came from Patch Grove. I said in my heart that there must be something genuine about a girl who is not ashamed about so obscure a birthplace, and who has the courage to write 'Patch Grove, Wisconsin,' on the hotel registers of two continents. I am proud of you, and heartily glad that you stepped out from all the foolish affectations of life and dare to be what you are—a brave, representative American woman."

It was a pretty tableau as these two distinguished women stood looking into each other's eyes, for their heads were on a level; in truth,

they were both remarkably level-headed women.

"But, Miss Lawton, you don't understand; Patch Grove is only a joke," explained one of the group.

"Why did you choose such an outlandish name for your imaginary town?" asked another young lady.

Miss Potter rose dramatically, bowed low, then solemnly and slowly crossed her heart and exclaimed:

"Madame, permit me to inform you that Patch Grove is a reality," and then, in her own inimitable fashion, she told us about the little town she had made famous. "Why, the place is so small that when a baby is born some one has to move out to give the child a chance to grow. That's the reason I am here?

"Have I ever been back to Patch Grove? Certainly! You see, I had been out a couple of years when my brother wrote, offering to become my manager for a brief engagement in my native place. I decided to try it, and at the appointed day arrived to find every tree, barn and fence decorated with flaming posters, which proclaimed me the greatest phenomenon of the century. I remonstrated with my enterprising brother, who coolly informed me that of course the people would be disappointed, and they

might as well be greatly disappointed as only a little. 'Do you suppose Barnum would have had such crowds if he had told the truth about his big show?' he said. 'As it is, everybody in the neighboring towns and in all the country round is coming to hear you. That is because I know how to advertise.' Just then we came to a lot of hogs sleeping in a mudhole, in the sunshine. Quick as a flash, my brother jumped out, seized the paste bucket, and clapped a poster upon the back of each of the grunting porkers.

"The night of the entertainment people came from twenty miles around; the streets were crowded with vehicles of all kinds, dating from Noah's ark to the sixteenth century, nothing more modern being admissible.

"My brother's eyes were shining with excitement as he opened the door of the little room where I was waiting. 'Oh, Jennie,' he said, 'the house is simply packed.'

"For a moment I almost died. I would rather have faced all the critics in the world than go before those people, who believed in me with all their souls. I knew I could not come up to their expectations, and the consciousness was as great as physical agony. My heart beat almost to suffocation as I went out on that plain little stage, where as a child I had stood many a

time to speak my pieces. Many of the women had spread my bread and butter with jam, and then said, 'Now run away like a good little girl, and get out from under foot.' Many of the men had trotted me on their knees and given me rides on their loads of hay.

"It did not matter about my programme, but after awhile the old people began wiping their eyes with the backs of their hands and coat sleeves, and everybody blew their noses and wondered how they caught cold. The men and women who had known me ever since I was born laughed and cried, and laughed again.

"After it was all over, I went down and shook hands with the entire audience. Some of them looked so different in their Sunday clothes that I didn't recognize them, though I should have known them all in their old overalls and faded calico dresses. But I acted as if I knew every one of those blessed people. How could I ask their names, when, with tears streaming down their wrinkled faces, they grasped my hand in theirs and, with shaking voices, exclaimed:

" 'Oh, I've rocked you to sleep many a time.' "

" 'Don't you remember how you used to like my cookies?' "

" 'Oh, yes, the same girl; ye ain't sp'iled a bit.' "

"In the general excitement I made many blunders. I asked old maids how their husbands were; inquired of stock-raisers how their crops were coming out; asked after the health of people who had been dead for years, and made single men blush by inquiring for their families.

"But everybody was so glad to see me and so proud of Patch Grove that these lapses were regarded as the merest trifles.

"The next morning I went out for a walk near the schoolhouse. I overtook a lean, lank farmer, who jumped off his wagon when he saw me, and exclaimed:

"'Jump right in; my wife sent me on purpose to fetch you to the farm.'"

"'But I can't go,' I replied.

"'But you must,' he insisted, 'or I'll have a terrible row on my hands, for my wife is expecting you, and you've got to come.'

"I thought I recognized in him the father of an old schoolmate of mine who lived about four miles distant, and while I wished to see her, I doubted the advisability of going in such haste, until he said:

"'Say, if you will only go, I'll bring you back after supper to-night.'

"So I gave a reluctant consent, and he boosted

me up on the high seat of the great lumber wagon, and off we started, talking of crops and the weather, and all such interesting topics. When we had gone about three miles, he looked at me attentively, and said:

“‘Gosh, but you look purty peaked and city-fied.’

“‘Well,’ I replied, ‘you know I had been traveling for three days before——’

“‘Who are you, anyway?’ he demanded, suddenly.

“‘Well, I was so frightened that I almost slid off the seat. Oh, dear me! I shall never forget that awful sinking sensation as I managed to gasp:

“‘Who in the world are *you*?’

“‘Why, I’m Joe Sanders! Ain’t you Amanda Jones, the school teacher?’

“‘Well, no,’ I responded; ‘I am only Jennie O’Neil Potter.’

“‘Well, I swan,’ he ejaculated; ‘I never seen the schoolmarm, and took you for her. What under the canopy made you so anxious when you knew you wasn’t the girl I came after?’

“‘I was simply speechless over the blunder, so he continued:

“‘Well, we may as well mosey back, for I’ve

got to get the school teacher, or my wife'll be as mad as fury."

"And we wended our melancholy way back to Patch Grove."

## CHAPTER XI.

### APPLIED CHRISTIANITY.

Many anecdotes might be related to show Miss Potter's strength and individuality of character, as well as the unbounded kindness of her heart when she was quite young.

At the town in which she lived a revival was in progress at one of the churches which at that time she attended.

One evening, at the prayer-meeting, the members were questioned as to what they had done for Christ during that day. One had warned many irreligious friends to "flee from the wrath to come," another had checked herself in the midst of a giddy song, and had sung a hymn; and so they continued, until it became Jennie's turn to relate her experience. She did not say she had read the Bible, prayed or sung, though without doubt she had not failed in any of these things.

"I took warm water and soap and washed



Father Brown's head," said the practical little Christian.

"That she did, bless the Lord," cried out the old man; "and she gave me a dinner of chicken potpie, which she cooked herself."

Father Brown had once been a local preacher. He was now very old and usually very dirty. He lived wherever charity found for him an opening; but he was never absent from the revival meetings.

Probably not one in all the church, save Jennie O'Neil, would have performed such a disagreeable act, and she outranked them all in applied Christianity. Has not Christ said, "As ye have done it to the least of these, My little ones, ye have done it unto Me."

She had a generosity which was unstinted. She was willing to deprive herself for the purpose of making others comfortable. The more forsaken the object of her charity, the more joyfully she lent her aid.

The writer remembers, among other similar acts, an entertainment in aid of a home for blind women, at which she gave her services.

"God has given me my eyes," she said, "and why should I not joyfully aid those who have been deprived of the great blessing of sight?"

. . . . .

While filling an engagement in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, Miss Potter happened to hear a boy playing the violin in the street. She was deeply impressed with the plaintive effectiveness of his music, and had him brought to her.

The name of the Highland laddie was George MacDonald. His musical education had been begun in early childhood, he having received a medal for superior musical skill when but ten years of age. He belonged to a well-to-do family in the old country, but, like many another youngster, he longed for a look at the wonders which lay beyond the picturesque hills of Scotland. So he left the bonnie lads and lasses of his own home, and came to America; but, being unacquainted with the ways of a new country, he began to grow weary of his choice, and was all but ready to fall by the wayside, when the sweet smile of Miss Potter, like the sunshine that scatters the cold, dark clouds of a winter day, fell upon him, and, taking him by the hand, she led him into the drawing-rooms and before the best and most cultivated people. Then, in his native costume, he showed his ability to play the most difficult music. In his repertoire were found the compositions of all the great masters, while his imitations of bagpipes and bugle calls were considered most wonderful. Princess Eu-

lalie of Spain, when in this country, heard the lad, and wrote Miss Potter a letter, praising his genius and her kindness in making the performer known.

Miss Potter was improvident in her generosity, but in her heart she always felt amply remunerated.

## CHAPTER XII.

### LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

Miss Potter's love for children well nigh amounted to a passion. When going back and forth to Europe, she would make friends with all the children on board, first-class, second-class and steerage. She recited to them, and told them stories; romped and played with the young voyagers, all of whom thought she was the loveliest little woman on earth.

"One of the most curious and at the same time most interesting audiences of children I ever entertained," wrote Miss Potter for the *Inter Ocean*, "was at Mrs. Annie Besant's Club for Girls in the Whitechapel district in London. It is an institution founded by the great theosophist to make a home for poor working girls. They have organized a club of which Mrs. Besant has

the management. The girls are from six to sixteen years of age, and earn on an average fourpence a week.

"The Whitechapel district, from which this school is recruited, is, as everyone knows, the lowest in low London, and the inmates of the house are the products of their former surroundings.

"Mrs. Besant invited me to entertain these young natives of the slums, saying that I would gain an experience there that I could not acquire elsewhere. And I found that she was right.

"The night before, I had entertained a party of guests at the home of the Duchess of Newcastle, where everything was a-glitter with magnificence. The audience at the Whitechapel school was the antipodes of the brilliant assemblage at the house of nobility.

"The girls at Whitechapel, I was told, had never seen an American before. Think of it; and there are so many of us!

"There was no backwardness about these children. When I entered, there was a running fire of comments, which were uttered in tones not intended to be audible:

"'Ain't she little?' said one. 'Look at her hat!' was the amused (and amusing) expression of another of the audience, whose tastes ran to

millinery. None asked me where I got it, which convinced me they were not up in American slang.

"It was a treat for me to study such an assemblage. I told a story of a poor family, of their hard struggle for bread and determined fight against poverty. They became as quiet and listened with as much attention as would a gathering of little ones anywhere.

"I was told, however, that they preferred to hear stories about great lords and ladies than of people in their own station in life.

"They gave me three cheers when I had finished the entertainment, and one of the girls paid me the highest compliment she knew how to give, by saying, as I passed her, after leaving the platform:

"'You ain't half bad.'

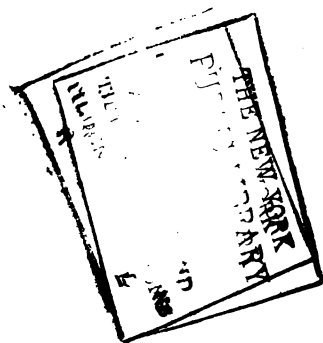
"English children dearly love to hear stories about American boys and girls.

"'Tell me a story about little girls in America,' was a plea I often heard. They have strange ideas of their little cousins across the water.

"'Wasn't little Red Riding Hood an American girl?' asked a little tot, in London, of me once, and another child, in all seriousness, asked me if all American girls had to get married when they were twelve years old.



**"FLIRTS AND MATRONS."  
THE COLLEGE GIRL.**



"Such misery and poverty to be seen among the children of London! Even in the West End there are scores of ragged children, hungry, cold and altogether miserable.

"They swarm in the gutter, haggard-eyed and wan, and gaze pitifully at the passers-by. They made me think of little, dirty lambs.

"I was walking along one of the fashionable thoroughfares one day with a gentleman rich in money and worldly station, and I asked him how he could pass these poor, needy little waifs every day without offering to help them. I told him he acted as though he never saw them.

"'I don't see them,' he answered, harshly. 'They are the offsprings of the laboring classes, who are so low and intemperate that no philanthropy could lift them to a better condition.'

"I was pleased to tell him that in America people thought it a pleasure and a duty to care for such unfortunates.

"The poor children in London are quite different from those we see in America. They would hardly speak above a whisper in the presence of a rich or titled person, while in our country a newsboy will sell a Vanderbilt a paper and think he has done him a favor. This is the difference between the children of the two countries. After all, American children are



the brightest in the world, if they are also the rudest.

"Last October I visited the girls' schools at Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate. The discipline there is very severe, and made me think of the school that Charlotte Brontë describes in "Jane Eyre." The strict training girls receive in such schools is what makes English wives so submissive, I believe."

. . . . .

Miss Potter had such sympathy with children that she entered into all their sports and games with as much zest as if she were a child herself.

A little before Christmas, one year, she directed a play which was given at the Plaza Hotel, New York, by a company of children, none of whom were over ten years of age.

The purpose of giving the entertainment was for raising money to be used at Christmas-time for the sick babies in the hospitals. Each child connected with the play sold tickets, and, as one of the large parlors of the hotel was filled with people, who made up the audience, quite a comfortable little sum was obtained.

The play was called "Santa Claus Outwitted." As arranged by Miss Potter, the old gentleman is complaining to Mrs. Santa Claus that for all

his work he has received no reward. In a gruff voice he says, "It is time I retire. I have done enough for the world. Let some one else try it now."

He is completely dominated by a spirit of discontent, and it seems as if all his good offices would henceforth be lost to the world. But Mrs. Santa Claus is in sympathy with the boys and girls, and so she sends a messenger to her friends, the fairies Overcome and Content, begging them to come to her assistance in getting the old gentleman back in the reindeer traces.

Fairy Overcome glides in, and, waving her wings, gently wafts Santa off to sleep.

In his dream he is made to see what the world would be without him, and he awakes in fright, followed by profound contrition. Content comes in and whispers some encouraging words in his ear, whereupon dear old Santa gladly concludes to take up his work, and go on as he has done for the last hundred years or two, blessing the world and making the children happy.

A tableau, accompanied by soft music, concluded the play.

Miss Potter related some stories about her own children, Davie and May.

May was very fond of fried potatoes, and many were the appeals she would make for her

favorite dish. One day, when she had prevailed upon her mother to prepare some potatoes in this manner, and the child sat eating them in the kitchen, she said:

"Mamma, tan Dod do everyfing in the world?"

"Why, of course, May," she answered, wonderingly. "Why?"

"Tan he do everyfing dat you can do?" persisted the little prattler.

"Certainly," answered the mother.

"Well, I don't fink Dod tan tum in the kit'sen and fry potatoes as dood as you tan, mamma, dear," said the little flatterer.

The boy, Davie, one year older than May, was not behind his little sister in quaint sayings and ready wit.

One day his mother was reading the Bible to him and explaining how God looked into the dark abyss at the time of creation. "Everything was dark," she said, impressively.

"Why didn't God strike a match?" asked the little fellow, seriously. And, when the mother went on further, and told him how the Creator said, "Let there be light," he remarked, critically, "Why didn't he go ahead and make light, without talking about it?"

The same little lad once disarmed his father by a droll remark at a time when it did him a

service. The boy had done something which merited chastisement, but the culprit could not be found. Finally his father, after a long search, found him hiding in a closet.

The little fellow stood digging his fists in his eyes, but when the door opened and his father towered over him with the instrument of punishment in hand, the lad looked up bravely and said, with a touch of comical indignation, "Papa, why don't you take a man of your size?"

And the boy escaped the intended infliction.

One of Miss Potter's delights was to gather the children in a hospital around her and recite such pieces as the "Little Red Hen," "Orphant Annie" and "When the World Bu'sts Through."

She used to say that the wittiest remarks she ever heard a child make came from a little Irish boy, eight years of age, who was an inmate of a hospital in New York.

"What's the matter, Mike?" Miss Potter said to him one day.

"Indade, mum," he answered, "I've a sore knee, I have."

"A sore knee wouldn't keep a bright boy like you in bed, Mike," she said, thinking to cheer him up.

"Indade, no; but it's the pain of it does," he said, laughing her full in the face.

Merry little Mike died the next week.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## FATAL ILLNESS—VISION OF THE BLACK HORSE.

Just when the year 1899 was dying, the news went flashing over the wires and blazing in the public prints that Jennie O'Neil Potter was stricken with a fatal disease. She had recited for the Fortnightly Shakespeare Club of New York on December second, and again upon the fifth she had given an entertainment for St. Thomas' Chapel. On both of those occasions she seemed to be, and, indeed, declared herself to be, in perfect health.

And the terrible cancer was even then gnawing at her heart-strings.

Never was greater bravery shown than by Jennie O'Neil Potter, when she knew that she must face death. Letters of sympathy came pouring in to her from all parts of the country; sometimes there were twenty-five or more at a single mail.

She would have answered all of these letters if she could have done so. She was grateful for every expression of kindness, even grateful

for receiving circulars of patent medicines and other appliances, which were recommended to cure.

For many weeks her little white cot in the ward seemed to be set in the midst of a conservatory of flowers. And here came friends who marveled at the serenity of the sufferer. She held her little state like a queen. But the most welcome visitor of all was her own son, David. When the news of his mother's illness reached the Wisconsin home, the lad, now seventeen years of age, hurried to her bedside. It was beautiful to see the love exhibited the one for the other. He would have lain down his life to save that of his beautiful mother. She was "Miss Potter" to the world, the reason of which has been explained; he was her nephew, "Davie." "We loved each other all the more for our little secret," she said to me. She had maintained the boy at an expensive military school, and had taken him with her to Europe. He had fulfilled her highest expectations, and was justly the center of her love and pride. The greatest desire expressed by the dying woman was in regard to her son's education and success in life. Her desire to appear once more in public at a grand entertainment was mainly from the hope that

by so doing she might obtain money which could be used in paying his college expenses.

#### MISS POTTER'S OWN STORY.

"You want to know how I felt when the doctors told me that there was no hope—that the utmost limit of my days was three months," said Miss Potter to a reporter for the New York Herald?

"You will scarcely believe it, the whole thing is so strange. I had all my anguish in a dream just the night before the doctors told me.

"I was taken with a terrible hemorrhage in my apartment, and somebody sent for the Bellevue ambulance. When the doctor came he said if he had delayed five minutes more I should have bled to death. But all the time I wasn't a bit alarmed, myself. I did not think it was anything serious.

"That night in Bellevue I had a most horrible dream. I dreamed that I was in a room alone with a great black horse. Everywhere I noted that he followed me—always with his head on my shoulder, and his glaring eyes upon my face. The horror he inspired me with I cannot describe, because I have always loved horses—used to a stock farm, you know.

"Well, in trying to escape from him I rushed

into an adjoining room. There stood my friend—him I have not—who does not come to me now, though he is my soul's idol. Well, I rushed to him for protection, the horse always by my side. He put out his arms, but somehow he could not clasp me, and then, looking at me sadly, he said, 'Jennie, little girl, it's too late; it's too late.' At that moment—God help me!—I suffered all the agonies possible. I knew, I knew it was my death sentence, and from his lips. Then suddenly, after what seemed to me centuries of agony, a great peace settled down on my torn heart.

"I was going to die; but that was not so terrible. My dear father, whom we laid away in the little cemetery at Patch Grove only a year ago, is waiting for his only daughter to join him in the 'land that is fairer than this;' and with him is the little May, my own darling. Ah! When her golden locks were hidden from me in the grave, I thought I could never be happy, could never smile again. She will be with me.

"And while I was still sleeping I sang the hymn I have always loved:

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.



"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
Oh, Thou, who changest not, abide with me."

"As I finished these words the sound of my own voice awoke me. The sun was just rising in the east, and its rays, passing through the window at the head of my cot, struck my face. The nurse, attracted by my singing, had come to the bedside. When I awoke and saw her standing there, she had the strangest expression on her face.

"Later on in the morning hours, the doctors came. The beginning of the end, they said. In a little while they very kindly and tenderly broke to me the news that my short, happy, though tempestuous and vicissitudinous, life must end.

"Nothing could aid me now. Four or five months ago I might have been saved; now I would die were an operation attempted. These words were substantially those I heard in my dream. 'Little girl, it is too late,' he had said.

" 'How long will I have to live?' I asked the doctors.

" 'Until March,' one of them said; 'possibly a few weeks longer.'

"For awhile I lay quietly, asking no further questions. I could not suffer again as I had

in the vision. The comfort of the beautiful hymn had stolen into my soul, and I was happy; yes, really happy.

"I could not help thinking how lovely it would be to go in springtime, just when the narcissi and crocuses would be coming up. And then I thought of the life of the soul beyond the grave, and, deep down in my heart, I thanked God for Christian parents, who had taught me to read the blessed Bible and believe in immortality and eternal life.

"And after that I slept as peacefully as ever I did at the close of a summer day, when health and joyousness ran through all my veins, and I had thought to live to be old and gray."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LETTERS FROM MISS POTTER AND HER FRIENDS.

St. Luke's Hospital, January 5, 1900.

My Dear Mrs. Diehl:

Your sweet, cheerful letter came to this rather lonesome child to-day. I am happy to know that you love me, and that the club was pleased with my simple work. And it was less than a month ago that I recited for you.

Alas! it is past with me. I shall never read again unless they give recitals in that land of rest. I have

always thought we shall continue our best desires there,

“With none but the Master to praise us,  
And none but the Master to blame.”

God is now my only hope; I feel His blessed arms about me, and, although the way is painful, even full of agony, yet I fear no evil. His rod and His staff, they comfort me.

O, how I long to see my dear old friends. I may live for some months, and it may be for a much briefer time.

My dear love to you and to the members of the Shakespeare Club. May God be with you and one and all of them until we meet again.

Ever your sincere admirer and constant friend,  
JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER.

#### FAREWELL LETTER TO HER LITTLE NIECE, NINA O'NEIL, AGED NINE YEARS.

St. Luke's Hospital, January 27, 1900.

My Little Sweetheart Nina:

I received your letter, and also one from Harry and Dale. You never shall know how happy the dear little letters made poor, sick Aunt Jennie. Yes, Nina, I am very ill, indeed, and perhaps God will soon allow me to see your dear little sister Jennie, who is in Heaven.

People are very good to me, and I get just heaps of flowers and beautiful presents.

Darling Nina, if you should never see Aunt Jennie again, I want you to grow up to be oh! such a good

girl. Give your innocent heart to Jesus. Remember that we must be very good while we live.

You are my own favorite darling because I know you better than some of my little nieces. You must be very good to your little sister, and help Harry and Dale to be good. Give my love to both the boys, and tell them how very much Aunt Jennie loves them.

Perhaps mamma will bring you to see me, as I am too ill to come to you. Now, I must close, with sweetest kisses to my three precious darlings, I am,

Ever your affectionate aunt,

JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER.

Tell Minnie Hobbs how very much I enjoyed her sweet letter. Good-bye.

AUNTIE.

### FAREWELL LETTER TO ARTHUR J. O'NEIL.

St. Luke's Hospital, March 20, 1900.

My Darling Brother Art:

I have received gifts from the richest and the highest in this city, but never did I experience such pleasure as when I opened your box of fruit from the green groves of Florida. Especially was it good to-day, when I have been in such pain since early last night, not for moments from time to time, but in endless pain.

Sometimes, when it seems that I cannot endure the awful suffering, I pray, O, so earnestly, that God will take me without delay. It will end soon. I shall then hold little May close to my heart, and be free from all suffering.

O, my precious brother, I should be so glad to see your dear face again.

Sometimes I dream in the middle of the night that I am well, and everything is as it used to be; then I awake and find the truth. O, it is awful to feel that my soul is alone with death.

At such times, I weep bitter tears, until Christ and the angels come close to me and whisper, "Peace, be still."

O, my dear brother, it is a lonely feeling that comes to one in dying.

I have all the outward comfort which can be given. Gifts are lavished upon me—flowers, fruit, dainty gowns, money—sent me by strangers as well as friends.

I have wanted for nothing. Twenty-five dollars a week is paid for my room here in the hospital. Think of it!

I thank you, dearest, for your letter and the fruit, and, most of all, for your sweet love.

Dear brother Art, faithful and true, my own brother, I love you as no one else can love you.

Your affectionate sister,

JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER.

Love to all.

LETTER FROM THE WIFE OF THE AUTHOR OF  
"FLIRTS AND MATRONS."

Ocean Grove, January 24, 1900.

Dear Miss Potter—This morning my six-year-old daughter looked up at me with her large blue eyes and said, "Mamma, dear, why are you so sad? What worries you?" I told her to put Doctor Winkes off her lap (he is her pet cat), and come and sit by me and I would tell her a true story:

"My dear little Lee, I find myself suddenly miles

away from Ocean Grove, and back in one of the little parlors of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, by invitation of the proprietor to listen to a Miss Potter, an elocutionist, who is to recite before President Harrison.

"I see before me a young girl with a shock of black, curly hair, the perfect picture of health, with large, lustrous eyes, and a face the lines of which are sensitive and poetic.

"Her voice breaks upon my ear with a cadence delicate, yet forcefully, relating how Salvator won, until I forget where I am.

"The picturesque quality of the delivery took me to the racetrack, where I saw the horses struggling for the prize.

"The clapping of hands and the exclamations of the ladies brought me back. I found myself standing before Miss Potter, shaking hands with her, and telling her how sorry I was that your papa was not present to hear her. I asked her if she ever tried monologues. I told her if she could make me see the horses on the racetrack by her descriptive brilliancy I thought she could accomplish wonders with a powerful monologue. Then I said, 'Let me introduce Mr. Morris to you. I am sure he could fix you suitably.'

"I can see her smile scornfully, dear, at my suggestion as she replies to me, 'Mrs. Morris, I have some of the best English writers writing for me. I have a monologue by one of them now under consideration.'

"My dear Lee, I felt like shaking her, but I smiled and said, 'No doubt, Miss Potter, the English writers are very clever, but the American will win in this case.'

"Then, dearie, I went to seek your papa to tell him of the sweet little Prairie Flower I hoped he might train for the hothouses of wealth and fashion this little flower had peeped into, some of them day after day.

"But I wanted to keep it there forever to blossom out in innocence and purity, so that a little girlie-like and even her grandma should benefit by its beauties and its fragrance.

"I found your papa deep in politics with two of the prominent politicians of New York. Papa was an editor on the World at that time. I waited until he got through with them, at midnight.

"Then I had him to myself. I was so excited all he could understand, he said, for over an hour, was 'Potter,' 'Salvator,' 'monologue.' When he did get a clear statement from me he said, 'Oh Pshaw! Nonsense! I never wrote a monologue in my life, and Miss Potter thinks she is the best judge of what she needs, and you could not convince her that a playwright would suit her.'

"Then, my dear Lee, I felt like shaking your papa. I talked and talked to him.

"The night watch must have thought I was giving your papa a curtain lecture. (What does that mean? Why, it means a scolding.)

"It was then three o'clock in the morning, and everybody in the big hotel was sound asleep.

"But there was no sleep for him until he consented to talk monologue to Miss Potter when he met her.

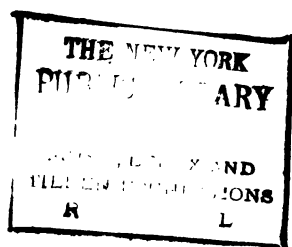
"Later on, they had a long conversation, all by themselves.

"The result was, your papa agreed to write the story of a monologue for her approval.



**"FLIRTS AND MATRONS."  
FILLING ENGAGEMENTS FOR CLUB WORK.**





"The story was about the life of a little girl until she was a grandma."

"Oh, mamma, I did not mean to drop Doctor Winkes, but that story was like papa's Miss Jennie O'Neil Potter."

"Yes, dear, she was mamma's little Prairie Flower, and, as I prophesied, it reached all the hothouses of wealth and fashion, both on the new and the old continents."

"Now, dearie, what makes mamma feel so sad is that her little flower lies on a snow-white bed in St. Luke's Hospital, slowly fading away, and I feel that, like those delicate little blossoms that are born under the morning kiss of the summer sun, it will die when its sun goes down at evening-tide, like the little blossoms when they have lost their parents' warmth."

"I would my flower had had a longer life."

"But God in His infinite mercy knows best."

"There, there! Dear little Lee, do not cry. You know you once told mamma you thought the stars were God's angels looking down from Heaven at night to watch and care for everybody."

"So God, perhaps, will make our little flower an angel to watch and pray for the safety of other little wayside flowers transplanted to the hothouses of wealth and fashion in this busy world."

"My story ended here. I regret, Miss Potter, I have not had the pleasure of meeting you since the night of the birth of 'Flirts and Matrons.'"

The doctor may be wrong. God may spare you.

Whatever may be his will, you have the fortitude to welcome death as a friend who leads you to a coveted resting-place where all your hopes of happiness may be realized.

May such consoling hopes sustain you till the sun  
sets upon the little Prairie Flower.

Yours truly,

MRS. B. G. MORRIS.

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF "FLIRTS AND  
MATRONS."

No. 116 Broadway, Ocean Grove, N. J.,

Sunday night, January 21, 1900.

My Dear Miss Potter—I am sitting in the side room  
of my little cottage, listening to the song of the sea  
breaking regularly athwart the sands to the regular  
tempo beaten by the waves on the beach, and while  
these strangely thrilling harmonies, like organ swells  
in the great cathedral of nature, dominate my mind,  
my soul throbs with tenderest anguish; for my wife  
you see approaching to lead you to eternal life and rest  
you see approaching to lead you to eternal life and rest  
through the portals of approaching spring.

As she breathes in trembling accents the hopes and  
longings you expressed to the Herald writer you rise  
before me as I saw you at the Berkeley, over eight  
years ago.

I see you on the stage, November 22, 1891, in all  
the glory of your first night in "Flirts and Matrons."  
Not a detail is lost. The gorgeously attired assem-  
blage; your triumph; and my anxiety lest the task of  
an evening's entertainment in one life story, among  
companions who were spiritual and impalpable as  
ghosts, who could not materialize for the fashionable  
throng of wayward skeptics in front unless you proved  
a powerful medium, should be too hard.

The scene is vivid and effective. Success like sunshine shed nimbus rays about your curly head, and when the curtain fell on grandma's joy at her truant's return that Thanksgiving eve in the story, I felt that another star had been born in the system of "dramatic worlds," of luster fully as brilliant as any then visible. What a night of wonder! What an hour of hope fulfilled upon the threshold of a pathway paved with gold and precious stones, which led for you to fame and fashion's heart.

I have seen you seldom since. Our ways diverged, but I have heard and read of your achievements. And, though we rarely exchanged congratulations, I always felt proud of your victories; for I believed in you.

And now the tremor in my wife's voice tells me how she suffers as she reads, and I, sharing her sorrow for your illness and its consequences, wish that it had been God's will to have lessened both and spared to you those things which most you prized.

God bless you and sustain you till your soul's desire is gratified! Yes, until it sees and scents the sweet spring flowers in Patch Grove, which never yielded a flower so choice or lovely as that which bloomed in the sympathetic nature of Jennie O'Neil Potter.

The waves sing louder now, and the stars in the blue above them glint and glimmer like the night lights of the saints looking down from Eternity upon the world and those they have left behind them in it.

You say you wish to think that you, like them, may see and know from Heaven what is going on down here. I join you in that hope. Good-night!

Your friend,

ROBERT GRIFFIN MORRIS.

TO JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER, AT ST. LUKE'S  
HOSPITAL:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."  
Remember, dear, the words: "God knows best."  
Though mortal tongue may prophesy the end,  
To fervent prayer the ear of God will bend  
And bless the soul that seeks His shining face  
With either strength to live or dying grace.

Cheer up, dear heart; believe what is, is right;  
As sure as sunshine follows shades of night,  
So sure will be the happiness of earth  
To those whose lives have striven to know its worth;  
Whose struggles have been ever toward the best,  
To these alone God gives his perfect rest.

Too strong the heart; too bright the active brain,  
To yield so soon, though sorely tried by pain.  
June roses sweet shall shed their fragrance rare;  
The summer's sun shall warm the trembling air;  
And garnered sheaves along the hills shall lie,  
While still we check the tender words: "Good-bye."

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

## BID GRIEF DEPART.

TO JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER, AT ST. LUKE'S  
HOSPITAL.

Why weep and cry,  
And wonder why  
Dull Care should come your way?  
Just laugh and smile  
And Care beguile—  
Give her a holiday.

If we feel gay,  
Tho' gray the day,  
'Twill seem quite clear and bright,  
But, if in gloom,  
The brightest room  
Appears bereft of light.

Cheer up, faint heart,  
Bid Grief depart  
And Young Joy cultivate.  
Look through Joy's eyes—  
To your surprise  
King Grief will abdicate.

January 27, 1900.

ANNA DODSWORTH.

## CHAPTER XV.

MAY IRWIN.

One day in winter May Irwin came to St. Luke's Hospital, bearing her arms full of roses, and with the great-hearted actress entered a burst of sunshine which gathered like a halo around the little white bed, with its decorations of pink ribbons, where Jennie O'Neil Potter lay suffering.

The brave, resolute little woman, whose very vitals were gnawed with the sharp tooth of the cancer, at that time looked life and death each fairly in the face, hoping for help from the one and fearing not the power of the other. If her

words could have been taken down as she uttered them from day to day, they would make volumes of unrhymed poems.

"I am waiting release from all pain," she said to Miss Irwin, "whether by the beneficent interposition of the Angel of Life, bringing health restored, or the no less beneficent, pale Angel of Death to bear me to that land where the inhabitants never say 'I am sick.'"

"But you must not die, dear Jennie," said May Irwin. "Your work is not half done yet. No matter what the doctors say; the wisest of them have made mistakes many a time, and may do so in your case."

The sick girl's face lighted up with the hope which still came to her in spite of all the suffering. "I'll tell you a secret," she said; "I mean to cheat the doctors yet. Look at my arms; they are round and plump. My skin is smooth and clear. I am getting better, and I know it. I may never be well as I used to be when I ran wild over the farm, but I shall recite again, and soon, too. I long to see the footlights and hear the applause of the people. O, I will not do anything hard, two or three little things. It will be in one of the great rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria. Grand artists have offered to help me; in fact, they will do all but my little 'stunts'

of two or three minutes each. Days and weeks after I shall be able to do more, perhaps in time to recite as I once did."

The astute manager-actress saw her opportunity to nurture the plant of hope, which, in spite of all, still grew in Jennie O'Neil Potter's heart. "Now, Jennie," she said, "when you get up, don't be a fool. You are having the biggest advertisement anybody ever received. The papers are writing you up all over the country. Take my advice, and make money out of it. Everybody will rush to hear you, and a fortune will be poured out at your feet."

"It would be glorious," said Miss Potter. "And how I would use money now. What good I would do with it. How I would spend it for the poor and the sick. I would send people out to preach the everlasting gospel. Men and women should tell the story of my deliverance from death, for if I am saved it will be through the prayers of people from all over the country. Protestants and Catholics are alike praying for me. I have nothing to do with creeds. I believe that Christ died to save me, and that God is my dear, kind Father. What need is there of quarreling over little technicalities which have no saving power. Whatever happens to me later, I am preaching from my sick bed. Letters



come to me, hundreds and hundreds of them, many from people who say that my little story has touched their hearts, and called them back to better things. Is not God good in allowing me to be the humble instrument of His will?

"If I read again, I will try and select things which will lead people to higher, purer living. I would say, 'Prepare for living, not dying. To die will be easy if life has been well spent.'"

"But you will not die," broke in Miss Irwin. "I will come for you with my carriage on some fine day soon, and you shall go out driving with me. You have only to get a little better to be able to do so.

"But now I must go. Health, health, little Jennie. Mind, no talk of dying," were the last words of May Irwin as she left the little white bed.

But when out of the ward the tender-hearted woman broke down and cried like a baby. She had been trying against her own convictions to pour the balm of health into the sufferer's heart.

"Dear May Irwin," said Miss Potter to a friend who remained at her bedside; "by her inimitable acting and side-splitting songs she has made me laugh so many times, and now she bolsters me up with new hope.

"And yet somebody with a kind heart and an

earnest desire to save my soul, for which from my heart I thank her, wrote to me the other day, 'O, Miss Potter, they say you wish to go upon the stage again when you are better. Remember, Christ never goes to the theater,' while another woman has sent me a letter, headed with the startling question in heavy, black type, 'ARE YOU GOING TO HELL?' "

## CHAPTER XVI.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S MONOLOGUE (ABBREVIATED).

(Written for Jennie O'Neil Potter While on Her Deathbed in the Hospital.)

While Miss Potter lay upon her white cot, calmly and bravely awaiting the death which her physicians had told her was a matter of only a few months—weeks, perhaps—the dying artiste expressed the wish to appear once more in public. This cherished desire was not discouraged by the medical men. They told their wonderful little patient that her hope was by no means impossible—that at the first temporary improvement in her malady she would be al-

lowed to face the footlights once again, and on this promise—never fulfilled—the unwearying soul of the once irrepressible woman lived to the end.

It was her plan to recount the story of her life and its ambitions in dramatic style before an audience at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and she begged Mrs. Wilcox to prepare the work, to which the poet consented. "I will try to send the sketch soon," she wrote Miss Potter. "When one races with Death, the fleet-footed one must not delay. I have an outline, and will show you a copy in a day or two."

## PART I.

Well, how do you do? Glad you came in, because I'm a little down in the mouth. The doctors have just gone, and left nothing but their verdict behind them. Not even a pill—or a powder. They told me frankly that I could not be cured! That my life was a matter of a few weeks, or months, at best.

It was something of a shock, I must confess. I knew I was miserably weak and ill, but I had no idea I was struck with death.

Death! What a cowardly sort of pugilist he is, anyway, to go about striking down women

and children; if he confined himself to able-bodied men, one could respect him more.

Look at that arm of mine—and then imagine that great tyrant Death sneaking up and dealing me a blow in the back! He wasn't even open and bold about it.

Still, one has to succumb to him sooner or later, and why not one time as well as another? It is only the old who are never quite ready to go with him. The longer people live, the more they hate to die.

They have become so disillusioned with other things they fear it will be the same with the next world. 'Tis the young, with all their illusions intact, who float out on the flood of happy anticipations of beatitudes when they reach the climax.

I once saw an old woman die. She was deaf and half blind, but, oh, how she fought against leaving her crippled old body. How defiant she looked into the face of the angel messenger—how she gasped for breath—how she struggled to retain her supremacy over the invisible presence she felt taking possession of her.

It was awful! But as she fell upon her pillow with a cry of rage a look of startled surprise broke upon her withered old face. She had seen the glory that awaited her.

Yes, it awaits me, I am sure. But I would have liked to have finished the work I had in hand here before I passed on. I have worked so hard, and I meant to do great things next year. The best success of my life seemed near. All the suffering and bitterness which fate has poured into my cup resolved itself into a tonic—and I felt better equipped for achievement than ever before. For I have suffered and I have made mistakes. Who hasn't?

Oh, yes, you see I can recite yet. What's that? You came to see me to talk about a new poem for me to recite? Well, if it wasn't for these doctors—but I may cheat them yet. I'm always doing the unexpected, you know. Oh, I would like to have you write a poem for me. Why, the very thought of it makes me feel better. I'm like the old war horse sniffing the fray. Pshaw—I'm not so very sick. Doctors are such croakers. You see, I've a bit of color in my face, and my hands are warm. I'm a good way from the grave yet. Oh, no, indeed, you're not tiring me. I'm better for seeing you. You just go home and finish that poem—and let me whisper to you—put something in it about a girl who in this prosaic, material age is actually—yes—lovesick—and dying of a broken heart.

That's the sort of thing I could recite with feeling. Yes, I could—and bring it to me soon. I will recite it for you, if to no one else. Make it something like the old one I used to like so much before I understood its full meaning, as I do now.

Now, good-by, and don't fail to come again soon.

## PART II.

Come in—yes, indeed, I'm able to see you, and to recite to you. Why, I'm a living rebuke to medical science. I have laughed the whole week at those doctors. Such an appetite as I have had, and slept like a Rip Van Winkle. Really, better than I've been for months. Your poem broke me up for a little while when I read it over first, it was so realistic. Oh—I'm going to give a big, big recital—in the Waldorf-Astoria, and make the hit of my life with it. See if I don't! And then—I'm going to Paris, and I'll do it at the Exposition. See if I don't! And how I will enjoy it all—after what I've been through.

And now we'll get to the new poem you wrote purposely for me. Oh, I'm not one bit tired—not a bit. And I believe I could recite if I were dying.

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Somebody said I was dying—

That the end of my route was near;  
But the river of life in my veins runs rife,  
And my voice is full and clear.

I am tired, I know, in the morning

And tired sometimes all day—

But playing a part with a stone for a heart  
Is the thing that wears strength away.

Oh, I was as bright as the thrushes

When I had a heart in my breast.

I had trouble enough and my pathway was rough,

And yet I was never oppressed.

There seemed to be always a fountain

Of hope and of courage and song

That fell drop by drop without ever a stop

In my heart as I journeyed along.

Oh, ho! How I gloried in living—

Oh, ho! How I reveled in toil.

I dreamed of a name that should echo with fame

And of treasures that time could not spoil;

I laughed as I looked at the mountain

Whose pathway shone clear in the light.

It rose narrow and sheer, but my heart held no fear—

I said, "I will climb to the height."

But alway the mountain grew steeper

And alway the heights fled away.

And bats with dark wings and invisible things

Rose up between me and the day.

And often I wept in the shadows

That gathered about me at night,

But again at the dawn I rose up and climbed on—

For courage comes back with the light.

And just where the rocks seemed the roughest  
And the summit so distant above,  
I met face to face, in his glory and grace,  
The radiant figure of—Love.  
We sat in the sunlight together,  
Forgetting the passage of time,  
With Love by one's side and the world summer dyed—  
Now who would be caring to climb?

We looked at the valley below us  
And listened to the bird and the bee,  
We talked of a cot in some flowery spot  
And dreamed of a home by the sea.  
We laughed like two children together,  
The happy care not to be wise.  
My heart knew no trouble—and fame seemed a bubble,  
And love was life's beautiful prize.

And then—ah, I cannot remember  
Just how it all happened—I know  
There was frost in the air—there was gloom every-  
where,  
And I was alone. God! the woe  
Of that moment of dark desolation—  
The anguish of being alone.  
With ambition dead and with happiness fled  
And a heart weighed down by a stone.

Yes, a rock lying here in my bosom,  
That's what I've carried since then,  
And it took all my pride and my strength just to hide  
And cover that sorrow from men—  
For sentiment isn't the fashion,  
Hearts broken by love are passé,



So I forced laugh and song as I wandered along  
Until—I fell down by the way.

Then somebody said I was dying,  
But never a soul guessed why.  
To a truth of that kind the whole world is blind,  
But a falsehood will open its eye.  
We have pity and love for the dying,  
And blossoms and tears for the dead,  
While to sad ones who live we are ready to give  
But stones when they ask us for bread.

Yet dying is sweeter than living—  
When once you have sighted the land.  
When once on your sight gleams that fair harbor  
light

You long to push out from this strand.  
Look! Yonder I see it—Love's beacon!  
They wait for me there on the shore.  
Good-night to you, friends—when your life voyage  
ends

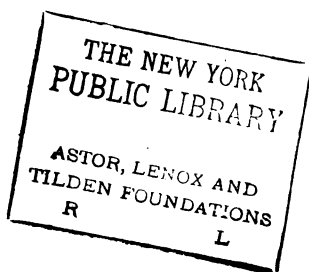
We will meet in God's harbor once more.

And, when this monologue was completed,  
day after day, during the intervals when there  
was a little relief from excruciating pain,  
the sufferer studied the sketch she hoped to  
give. She learned the lines, and, lying there in  
her little cot, in thought she worked up the  
"business."

Weeks came and went; the monologue was no  
longer studied, and finally, when life was ebbing  
fast, its existence seemed forgotten.



"FLIRTS AND MATRONS."  
THE DEBUTANTE.



## CHAPTER XVII.

"TWO TRUTHS ARE TOLD."

—*Macbeth.*

"How far that little candle throws its beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

—*Merchant of Venice.*

During the first few days of Miss Potter's stay at St. Luke's Hospital it was the thought of Mr. John Scannell, Chief of the Fire Department of New York, to divert the sufferer from her pain, at least for a single night. Accordingly, he wrote her a letter in which he said:

"Do you know that you are going to the Opera to-night? I have taken a box, and one of the seats is to be occupied by you. I enclose the ticket, that you may see that I am telling you the truth. Your costume will be of pale blue. You will wear pink carnations in your hair, and carry a big bouquet in your hand. We will talk to you from time to time, ask you how you like the opera, and pay you many a compliment because you look so lovely. After the entertainment, we will all go to Delmonico's and have a terrapin supper. When that is over you will go home and sleep like a baby until

morning. Now, remember, though you are bodily at the hospital, in spirit you will be with us.

"Think all the evening that you are sitting in the chair reserved for you, and that we are visiting with you."

This Miss Potter tried to imagine, keeping her mind upon the opera and the gay company in the box, and she declared afterward that for the time being all pain flew away.

But Commissioner Scannell's kindness did not end here. Weeks after, when the disease had made such inroads that no fanciful diversion could have made the sufferer forget her pain, through his efforts the money was raised to give the dying woman every comfort possible, and provide the means to pay her funeral and burial expenses.

Mr. Scannell had been known as a student of Shakespeare, and when it was announced that he would give readings from the works of the great dramatist to an audience limited to fifty people, at ten dollars a ticket, for the benefit of Miss Potter, the house was sold at once.

The entertainment took place at the residence of Mrs. Moffet, who entered heart and soul into raising the amount of money needed.

The Commissioner was assisted by able mu-

sical talent; his readings were a great success, and on the following day five hundred dollars was deposited in the bank to be used for the beneficiary.

All honor to Mr. Scannell and those who aided him in his benevolent work!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A TALE OF SOUTHERN GALLANTRY.

Among the many letters which came to Miss Potter after her sad story had been told in the newspapers was one from Sparta, Georgia.

The writer, Mr. Ben Ohlman, was a stranger. After expressing words of sympathy, he said, "I have to-day sent you some game birds which I hope may be acceptable."

In due time the gift arrived. The flagging appetite of the sick woman became quickened, and she ate the birds with a gusto not enjoyed for many and many a day before.

With Miss Potter's accustomed generosity, she divided with other patients in the ward, and was thus made doubly happy.

The friend who acknowledged the receipt of the birds thanked the giver—adding, suggestively, "Miss Potter is accustomed to encores."

The gentleman hastened to reply, "I will avail myself of the encores desired by Miss Potter, and will give myself the pleasure to express a box of birds to her, twice a week, as long as the game laws of my State will allow."

And he kept his word.

This was not all; another happy thought came to the kind-hearted man. He would send the sufferer a mocking-bird, which might beguile the time and possibly make her sometimes forget the wasting pain.

After much trouble and expense, a most accomplished bird was found and sent upon its journey to New York.

And how happy the beautiful creature made Miss Potter. Besides imitating the songs of other birds, and the calls of various animals, the gifted little fellow could execute a most irresistibly funny representation of a genuine Southern cakewalk, using its wings as arms, its head in keeping time, and giving a vocal accompaniment to match.

And thus the native of the Southland became a messenger of mercy, and for brief times the sufferer forgot the pain which was gnawing at her heart-strings.

One day, when that queen of zither performers, Miss Kitty Berger, came to play for Miss

Potter, the mocking-bird was entranced. With his head slightly turned toward the player, he listened, motionless. Could he ever essay those notes, he queried. He would try, at all events, so stored them away in his memory, and next day labored most faithfully to reproduce them.

But there came a time when the bird was silent; all his songs, his merry quips, his wondrous imitations, were over.

Did the sound of pain which too often broke the silence of the sickroom sadden him? Did he tire of the late-coming spring in the cold North and long for the flower-laden breezes of his dear Southland?

The gilded cage hung in the window, where the occupant of the bed could see the bird without turning her anguished head.

She coaxed, she whistled, she chirped; she crooned low songs.

"Sing, birdie, sing," she begged. But she who had moved thousands by the music of her voice and the magnetic power of her presence could not draw a note from the silent throat.

"Perhaps the bird would tell me, if he could, what one I loved better, O, better than my life, told to me awhile ago, before I was so ill. He said, 'Jennie, it is all over!'"

"Easy words to say, but impossible to make



true. It will not be over with me while the years of eternity roll unless God's own hand gives me the Lethean cup to drink."

The man to whom she referred had the choice of keeping wealth or his plighted troth; only one was granted him, and he sacrificed honor for inherited gold.

Is it all over with him? Eternity alone can settle that question.

"No, little birdie, it is not all over with you," Miss Potter said; "I do not believe that you love me no more, but I cannot bear your silence. Go, and when you find your voice again, come back to me."

And so the bird was removed to an adjoining room, where it still remained mute.

But a day or two after, its voice was heard in little snatches of song, as if trying notes in preparation for a grand burst of melody.

"Bring him back," she cried, joyfully; "he knows I am better; every pain is gone, and he wishes to give me a song of rejoicing."

Once more the cage hung in its place, and the bright eyes of the woman beamed lovingly upon the little singer. Suddenly a burst of song came from the feathered throat, so full, so strong, that it was heard in the neighboring rooms and throughout the corridors. Every gamut of the

creature's voice was reached; now in a wild fortissimo, now in a strain as gentle as the sighing wind—until at last there was only a cadence—low and soft, low and soft.

The woman closed her eyes, while her face was lighted by a smile of sweet content. Lower and lower sang the bird—slower and slower came the breath of her who reposed upon the bed. So soft were the notes of the songster that they were scarcely heard, and when the last melody faintly quivered upon the air, at that moment the spirit left the poor, pain-racked body of Jennie O'Neil Potter, and she was free.

Who shall say that she did not carry with her to the land of the blest the name of the giver of the bird, to whisper it to some waiting angel as the name of one who loved to do good deeds on earth: and who shall say that in that day of final adjustment the generous-hearted man shall not receive his recompense?

The birds he had sent to minister to the appetite and give strength to the sufferer in St. Luke's Hospital had been taken from the giver's own preserves, and there were still left enough and to spare. The money with which the bird was purchased was not needed by the man who gave it. The gifts were trifles in his eye.

Yet God and the angels rated them not ac-

cording to intrinsic worth, but at their true value to one whose life was swiftly ebbing out. whose mind, by means of them, had been in a measure diverted from racking pain, whose heart had been made happy because of the kindness shown by one whose face she had never seen.

So much better than all creeds is applied Christianity, so much better are good deeds than sounding words—all of which Jennie O'Neil Potter exhibited when she recited in aid of public and private charities, when she picked up the Highland laddie, who was a tramp musician, and made an artist of him; when, a short time before her death, she gave the hat and coat she had worn when she came to the hospital to a young colored girl who was leaving one of the wards, and even in the early days of her girlhood, when, as has been recorded in these pages, while others prayed and preached, she washed the soiled and matted locks of a poor, old, neglected man, and gave him food which she had prepared with her own hands—for Christ's sake.

**CHAPTER XIX.****EASTER SUNDAY.****By ANNA HOWELL CLARKSON.**

The blessed Easter morn prefaced the last week of Jennie O'Neil Potter's brave struggle for life and health. She was comparatively free from pain, but was tortured by an agitation of the nervous system, which was even harder to bear. For ten days her strength had been failing, and she knew that she was slipping away. So weak had she become that casual visitors were no longer admitted to her room, and she was thus deprived of her greatest delight—the pleasurable excitement of seeing friends, and not infrequently strangers, for many called to see this gifted woman who had been charmed by her platform work, and felt a deep interest in her welfare, but had not met her personally. I have never known any one in affliction to be the recipient of so much kind attention as was Mrs. Potter.

Her shocking illness, the absence of relatives and close friends, who were far away, and her helplessness, appealed to those who had

known her when her life was full of promise and her genuine ability bid fair to make her famous.

The great, whirling city had stopped to listen to her gay and happy voice as she told of "Little Orphant Annie" and had felt the sway of her power as the tears welled up when "Little Boy Blue" was her theme. To and fro it had swung in the "Grapevine Swing" and thrilled in every fiber when with matchless art she recited how the great Salvator raced into fame. Now it offered her touching tokens of interest and affection.

There were many lessons to be learned in the beautiful ward, and afterwards in the quiet little room in St. Luke's Hospital, while this stricken woman lay dying.

Patience, forgiveness, charity, cheerfulness, courage, and resignation, were taught each day and hour from this bed of cruel pain.

New Year's morning the Herald told of Jennie's sudden illness. I went that day to visit her. Already I found her the center of interest in the ward. She knew her fate, but was unselfishly expending sympathy on the sufferers about her, and begged me to interest myself in some of the "cases."

She frequently moaned and wailed the whole night through, for her sufferings were beyond description, but morning would find her uncomplaining and full of pity for the inmates of the white coats about her.

After her removal to a private room, she seemed to improve, and the first ray of hope came to her of possible recovery. She planned new work and dreamed of new triumphs.

It was a touching little drama to those who could see from the beginning to the end, from the rising to the ringing down of the curtain.

First, the girl of the brooks and hills, the flush of youth, "Love's young dream," the happy motherhood, the weight of responsibility, the taste of triumph and adulation; trials of varying fortune, illness, disappointment, heart-ache, lapsing of strength, vanishing dreams and hopes; everything gone, nothing in view but the wide-open door into the great Beyond! Under circumstances which would have daunted almost any stout heart, this child of nature made her way out into the big, busy world. She entered its toils totally unprepared for its trials and temptations. She trusted every one in a frank, open way, and forgave those who took advantage of her simplicity with true generosity. Enthusiastic and affectionate, she was full of kind-

ness and charity, and helped others, while she herself needed care and attention.

In the three or four years in which I had not seen Mrs. Potter she had passed from the romping girl, who tossed off trouble so easily, to the woman of sad experience. Her vital forces were wrecked, but her struggle with life had invested her with a new dignity. She bore her disabilities with womanliness, and faced her doom with wonderful composure and calmness. Many called to see her, to talk about religion. I was present when one good man called, who was a little nervous in his dealing with the subject. Jennie gave him respectful attention, and when he had concluded she said, "I thank you very much for your interest in me, but, my dear friend, Christ, the Great Teacher, has been here before you and shown me the way. When He saw my great need, He did not wait to send another, but ministered to me Himself. I am at peace, and only awaiting my summons."

Together they repeated the Lord's Prayer.

The young man was deeply affected, but Jennie was very calm.

Mrs. Potter's sense of humor was remarkably keen, and her imagination was beyond control. Her life was not real, because the action of her brain was unseen and fanciful. She lived

as she thought. If her fancy placed her in rose-colored surroundings, there was where she dwelt. Neither sorrow nor illness could daunt her, for these flights of fancy and her cheerful nature lifted her above ordinary distress and caused her to forget her troubles. She would have made a strong emotional actress. In addition to her ability, she had perseverance, a fine memory and the application so necessary for an artistic career, but she could not wait for years of training, and must "realize" at once.

Many touching, interesting and humorous incidents occurred during the long three months that Mrs. Potter was in St. Luke's. Dying, she seemed so full of life. Her mind was active, and she loved to talk, and tell of what she was thinking while her eyes were full of tears, a jest would come to the surface, and she would bubble over with laughter.

She once said, "I wonder if every one's last look of life is so clear. I can see, see, see, more than I knew existed, visions of enchantment and visions of honor; and I think until my brain is bursting and seething. I long for rest, and I pray that it may soon come to me."

On this last Easter day I spent five hours in the sickroom and whiled away the time hum-



ming old-fashioned hymn tunes, reading aloud and soothing the nervousness of the invalid.

Jennie was very weak, but there were many things she wanted to tell me, so she talked a good deal. When she would tire, she would say, "Now, go on with our 'story,' and make it a nice, long one, or read, or sing." She laughingly said, "Isn't this a dear little programme? and I am having everything my own way."

Once, while I was reading, I felt that a change had come over her, and, looking up, I saw that her face was colorless, and her eyes had lost all expression.

I touched her and spoke her name. She aroused herself with difficulty, and said, "I was dying then. Several times I have been nearly gone, and have pulled myself back. This is the way I will die." In less than forty-eight hours her prophecy was fulfilled, and she passed swiftly away, without a word of warning or farewell.

As I was leaving her on this last evening, she asked me to write something for her. She was so weak I advised her to wait until to-morrow. "There may be no to-morrow," she said, plaintively; "please write now." It proved to be a touching little message to me which she dictated: "If I should pass away when you are

not here, you will not forget what you have promised me. Close my tired eyes, and smooth the lines from my pain-stricken face, as only you can do.

"Take my bird 'Cheer'; he knows and loves you, and he will be happy in your home. I cannot tell you how much I thank you for coming to me. I always weep when you go, for I think I may never see you again. Carry my forgiveness to the one of whom I told you. All is well with me." . . . A few hours later, and the short race was run. The tired traveler had entered into the rest for which she so longed.

I cannot close without speaking a word of the tender care which Mrs. Potter received in St. Luke's. Physicians, nurses and assistants vied with each other in making the last months of this tortured life as endurable as possible. Mrs. Potter never tired of telling me how good and gentle was the treatment she received. She called the physicians "God's Healers" and the nurses "God's Girls." Her gratitude for all favors received was very marked. In her fitful and irresponsible last weeks, her feeling may sometimes have been misunderstood, but I know that she was deeply, sincerely and unusually grateful to all who tried to make her sufferings lighter and

her lot easier to bear. Hers was a life that will not soon be forgotten; full of rush and excitement, it came to a sudden end. We trust that the land which she saw in visions, and longed to reach, holds for her an existence full of the harmony which was denied her here, and the realization of her fondest hopes and dreams.

## CHAPTER XX.

### BORNE TO HER OLD HOME AND "LAST SCENE OF ALL."

The wishes expressed by Jennie O'Neil Potter were carried out in every particular. The kind and noble woman who was with her on Easter Sunday selected the beautiful casket in which the cold form was placed. It was this friend who clothed her for the last journey and twined the flowers about the still lovely face.

"When the funeral services are over at St. Luke's Chapel," said Miss Potter, some days before her death, "and my body is being carried over the railroad to my old home in the West, I shall hasten on ahead to comfort my poor mother, and prepare her to look upon my face for the last time."



**"FLIRTS AND MATRONS."  
THE YOUNG MOTHER IN THE NURSERY.**

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When the body reached Chicago, the Press Club of that city took it in charge, and for many hours those who had known the dead woman in life came to drop a tear at the coffin-lid. Many of them had been, in other times, under the spell of her magic recitals; some had been the beneficiaries of her professional work in aid of charities; all knew the story of her suffering and the bravery with which she had endured it all.

In the evening the journey was resumed, and the next day, or the day after, Patch Grove and the white cottage amid the hills was reached. Jennie O'Neil was again at home. Her body rested in the very place in the room where that of her father lay one year before. The aged and widowed mother gazed for a moment upon the face of her only daughter, now cold in death—then cried out in a high, tremulous voice, as characteristic as it was touching:

"Tom was lonesome, and he sent for you, Jennie."

The funeral services were to have been held in the church, but the crowd was so great that the Academy Hall was used, and there, upon the platform where Jennie O'Neil had so often recited, where her first laurels had been won, her funeral sermon was preached.

She had selected the text from her favorite chapter of St. John's Gospel:

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

The closing words of the sermon were these:

"Bunyan dreamed of Heaven, but John says, 'I saw.' The moment I let go the literal translation, I let go my home. The soul is not degraded by dwelling in a local Heaven. Have you not kissed the frail home of clay, silent and beautiful in death, before to-day, and you felt confident that for her to leave that tent was to be at home with the Lord. This hope of a glad home-going to the many mansions above was the anchor of Mrs. Potter's soul in her hours of loneliness, sickness and pain. She talked much about her old home and friends in Patch Grove, and of how the birds would sing while her body was taken to its final resting place, and how beautiful flowers would bloom above her sleeping dust, in the little Patch Grove cemetery, and of how she would look down from the realms above, see all this and rejoice exceedingly. And is it not grand, my friends here this afternoon, to think that her every wish has been beautifully carried out and fulfilled. The many mansions above show that elective affinities may exist there. Families may

be together. Emmone desired to talk with Paul, and why not? Will we not be looking for old acquaintances? Mother, you will look for your child; son, you will look for your mother; brothers, you will look for your sister, and you will meet her, never to part."

## CHAPTER XXI.

A FEW MEMORIES OF MY DEAR FRIEND, JENNIE  
O'NEIL POTTER.

BY ANNA DODSWORTH.

About ten years ago I attended a musicale given in the parlors of Madison Avenue M. E. Church, the interest for the whole evening centering in the recitations of a young lady dressed in black.

From the first sound of her voice she held the audience spellbound under the influence of her genius and magnetism. I was overwhelmed with delight when I was introduced to Jennie O'Neil Potter, and she said, "Oh, you are the little girl who sat in the corner and cried." It was characteristic of her that she should say something to prove that she was alive to the individuality of the person to whom she was talking.



Shortly after that, she and her friends, Ellen Beach Yaw and Eugenie Richter, decided to have an "at home." Miss Potter told of it thus:

"You see, we thought it was the thing to hold a big reception and get our names in the social columns as artistic 'lions.' So we invited everybody who had ever said 'how de do' to us. You should have seen the list! It contained at least five hundred names, and most of the people were socially prominent.

"Well, we invited them—and—they came! Yes, they crowded in to those parlors until we were in despair. We had bought a few pots of Liebig's Extract, a few lemons, and some crackers; and every ten minutes or so, as the crush increased, one of us would rush to the kitchen and say 'Put more water in the bouillon.' We made it go around, somehow, and I suppose people thought that weak bouillon was one of the inevitables of Bohemianism."

However, the affair was a great success. Eugenie Richter whistled the refrain to a bird song, which Miss Yaw, then a young girl "just out of the West," sang sweetly. Miss Potter was a vision of beauty in lilac draperies that suited her classic style to perfection, and many of the women wondered who was responsible for that artistic creation.

At that time, Miss Potter was only beginning her career. Money was not plentiful, and a day or two before the "at home" she discovered that, like Nora McFlimsy, she had "nothing to wear."

But, lo, and behold! Genius turned to account. Miss Potter bought about twenty yards of lavender tulle, sewed up a couple of breadths, ran in a drawing-string and put that over her head. She had on a low-necked silk slip, and over this was thrown the tulle, pinned here and there, helter-skelter, wherever it would produce a graceful effect. When that was finished, she was gowned artistically as a Greek goddess; but she was in constant fear lest a pin give way. She often declared afterward that no imported gown that she ever had equalled in beauty or effect the "makeshift" on that occasion.

Possessed of a large heart, a nature overflowing with love and good-will to all mankind, her sympathies were readily enlisted on behalf of all unfortunate ones.

She delighted in reciting for working-girls' societies, for hospital patients and for Grand Army veterans.

I remember one time when she went to recite for the children of an industrial school. She recited all the childish pieces she knew; gems from Eugene Field and Whitcomb Riley, and

the eyes of the children grew large with delight. When she finished, she talked to each one as naturally as to an old friend, and they were glad and proud to shake hands with her.

In the back of the room sat an old man, one of the characters of the town. As we went out, he stopped Miss Potter and said, "I say, Miss, do yer like to speak pieces? You do, eh? Well, you elocute fine. I used to elocute, myself, once. I hope I'll hear you again."

Her manner of answering won his heart at once, and he proceeded to relate some of his history. She was apparently much interested, and her comment when we left him was, "Dear old man, wasn't he pleased to be able to chat for awhile about days that are gone?"

She was not the least bit bored, as some people would have been, and I thought, "Verily, ye have done it unto the least of these; ye have done it unto Me."

Not faultless, but with a heart akin to nature and to God, Jennie O'Neil Potter was generally beloved.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## TESTIMONIALS.

FROM GEO. W. PECK, EX-GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

(Author of "Peck's Bad Boy.")

I only knew Little Jennie as we know the beautiful birds that pass from the South to the North in spring, and back again in the autumn, giving us the beauty of their sweet song while they are with us, and charming us by their presence, making us feel that they are messengers from Heaven. I do not believe the greatest actresses in the world could have created greater interest, if on her deathbed, than did Jennie O'Neil Potter, when it was known over the country that she was fighting against death. All who had ever known her had had happiness and love brought into their life by this bright little woman, who always seemed happy, even though suffering, and when it was announced that her case was hopeless, and that on her dying bed she was planning to make the shock easier to bear for those who loved her by laughing and trying to act as though death was not so bad

as it seemed, tears were being shed all over the country for poor Jennie. Her life on the surface was to make others happy by acting sweet comedy. Her death was a tragedy to all that had ever met her and witnessed her Heavenly smile.

FROM W. D. HOARD, EX-GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN, TO MR. A. J. O'NEIL.

I felt greatly shocked to learn of the illness and death of your most talented sister, whom I shall always remember with exceedingly pleasurable emotions. The heroic character of her suffering, and the brave manner in which she faced the inevitable, filled me with a profound sense of the superior quality of her character and temperament. She was, indeed, a woman of rare dramatic power, endowed with a delicacy of delineation that I have never seen exceeded.

I remember with exceedingly great interest the brief interview I had with her at your home in Prairie du Chien, and I feel that the State and the Nation has suffered a most decided loss in her untimely death. Please accept my sincerest sympathy for the sorrow occasioned by this irreparable loss.

FROM ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Jennie O'Neil's courage and cheerfulness in the face of terrible suffering and lingering but certain death were object lessons for the weak whiners who, in the midst of health, walk complaining of the small ills of life.

FROM H. D. CLEVELAND, OF THE TIMES-HERALD,  
CHICAGO.

I believe the final judgment to be passed on all ended lives must be upon their motives, and not their visible acts. The body is weak, and persistently confounds the spirit within, whose intent is always for the good. This being true, the life of Jennie O'Neil Potter was always for the best. I watched her career with that interest which the newspaper man gives to genius, developed or undeveloped. She seemed to me to have been born with a song upon her lips, to have always a message of sunshine for those about her. I care not how the message was delivered—it was given. And that is the highest purpose of life (if it has any purpose)—to take from another something of the burden carried. It was another source of gratification that Miss Potter came from the West. I cherish no par-

ticular sectional feeling in regard to this nation, but it is from the West, for a thousand reasons, that the strength of the Republic must eventually come if the Republic's first principles are to endure. This West, this land of Marquette, of Nicollet, of Joliet, gave her and her best to the world. She was a child of the Western plain and that sweetest of all things of nature—the Western wind.

FROM W. M. ANTHONY, CHICAGO.

It is an inexpressible comfort to occasionally cull from the pearls of thought some gem of sunshine that has once joyously diffused its radiance into our very being; for so long as human passions shall animate or move the world we can never forget the influence of such experiences; and who has not felt a pleasurable emotion gently steal upon his soul, without consciousness of effort, as some rich legacy of memory again and again revisits the garden spot of the mind, and lovingly lingers as if it had "learned the luxury of doing good?"

"She comes, in light, aerial grace; o'er Memory's glass the vision flies;  
Her girlish form, her glowing face, her soft, black hair, her beaming eyes."

Joyous Jennie Potter, at the dawn of her career, was a creature of virility, full of eager, passionate longing for all that was beautiful and bright. She drew her inspiration from the upper air, and, like the lark, sang sweetest as it soared to Heaven's blue, and as the "daisies are ever faithful to the buried lover," so is the mind ever constant to the impressions bequeathed by the soul.

How vividly is recalled the lovely moonlit evenings in the White City, when in Old Vienna, the subtle harmonies of the exquisite music touched the fibers of life, and in pulsation with some low, dreamy waltz or romanza, Jennie Potter, like some dainty minstrel of old, would recite in that marvelous cadence, line after line in fascinating rhythm with the musician's inspiration. What a wonderful atmosphere then radiated about her, how overflowing was her cup of joyfulness, how charming the beauty of her poetic expression, all creating an intoxication of mind that can never be forgotten.

"Then gently scan your brother man, still gentler  
sister woman:

Though they may gang a kennin wrang, to step  
aside is human.



One point must still be greatly dark, the moving  
why they do it,  
But just as tamely can we mark how far, perhaps,  
they rue it."

FROM ARTHUR J. O'NEIL.

Is it possible for a brother to know a sister?  
If so, I knew Jennie. I was rocked by her little  
hands when I was a child, and she sang sweet  
lullabys until my eyes closed and I slumbered  
in dreamland, knowing her blue eyes watched  
over me.

And at eventide now, when tired,  
When lying on my bed,  
I can almost hear her whisper,  
While she smooths my throbbing head.

Then I can remember her as a little girl, when  
we swung in the grapevine swing; and in years  
afterwards, when she recited that beautiful poem,  
I think it really appealed to me closer than it  
did to many, and at times I thought the lines—

"I am tired of the world, with its pomp and pride,  
While Fame seems a worthless thing;  
I would barter it all for one day's romp,  
And swinging in the grapevine swing,"

gave the true sentiment of the soul.

I was with her in her own home when she

was queen of her kitchen, when little May and David were playing on the floor. I saw her when she made her first triumph in Chicago; I met her in New York when she returned from Europe after winning great triumphs abroad. O, what a star had risen in her life! How ambitious she was; everything seemed to be sunshine and happiness about her. How vividly I can recall that first evening at the Plaza Hotel, in New York, and how little I dreamed that those who joined us in the dinner party that evening would figure her heart and confided in me, especially during the last two years.

Now, from this time on, I knew her not only as a sister, but I was so closely connected with her career, I knew her as a mother might know her daughter, or a sister a sister, yet I was a man, she a woman; and many times she opened heart and confided in me, especially during the last two years.

Possibly it was this fact that made me love her more. I loved her soul, her heart, her smile; yes, I loved her with a deeper love than just a brother's love, because I knew her; I knew the motive that gave her life; I could see the sunshine of her soul pour out of her blue eyes; I loved her because I knew she was capable of

loving, and love never tires; true love is progressive, it cannot stand still. I have heard of the passiveness of woman's love, but the passive woman is the only one who does not love, she merely consents to have affection lavished upon her. The essence of Jennie's love was spiritual emotion transferred into sympathy, that gave out blessings to all the world. All true religious emotion and all art are born of this love; no psychologist can tell where one ends and the other begins. There may be some women who have not this love: of those I will not speak; but in every strong, pulsative, feeling, thinking woman this love exists, and she goes through life seeking the ideal man, and lo! what a fountain of love bursts forth from her soul when he is found! She forgets self; she throws away her opportunities; she forgets the debt she may owe her God for the talents she possesses. The dreams of this ideal man materialized in Jennie's life. In her later years she thought she had met him—a man who would give up his life for her and vouchsafe peace to her soul; but alas! in love affairs women are seldom wise; nor is man just.

But this has all passed; the future is left to God's justice, and, as she said: "Art., it is all

over; I am married unto Christ, my Lord, my Master."

O, how those words ring upon my ear, and make a beautiful climax to a life that struggled along the rough pathway that leads from a humble home to that of international fame.

But I shall miss her more than any other heart can tell. I shall miss her good advice, which she could always give; being endowed with the gift of more than ordinary intuition, she was able to see into the future and tell me the best way to turn. Her judgment on business matters, as well as domestic affairs, has enabled me on many occasions to follow the path to success and happiness.

I shall miss this dear, dear sister, as I travel here about;

I shall work and wait with patience until I hear her shout,

"Halloo! halloo! halloo! Art.," as only she could say, Who pushed the clouds from off the sky and brought sunshine in my day.

## XXIII.

## OLD ARTEMUS'S LAST RACE.

BY JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER.

[It was not generally known that Miss Potter was a clever writer. At the very time of her death she was under contract with a newspaper to take charge of one of its departments. The following story of "Old Artemus" is that of a racehorse now owned by her mother. He is represented in the picture of the home found in this book. The story is not intended as a history, though it is substantially true.]

The day dawned with gorgeous splendor, throwing a golden light on the town nestling between picturesque Western hills.

Already the rumble of wheels, the laughter of youthful voices, could be heard on the winding country roads. It was the last great day of the County Fair. For months the people had been feverishly awaiting this day. The allurements were many, and had been promiscuously heralded throughout the county on highly colored lithographs printed in startling red and blue letters, proclaiming on every available space that "This Fair Would Surpass All Others."

Shy youths whispered blushing invitations to

fair country maids. Dotted swiss, organdies and wonderful shades of ribbon were bought by the yard, that to-day decked out their rounded forms and caused many a fellow's pulse to quicken. The good wives relaxed their toil-worn faces and smiled as sweetly as when in years gone by they, too, had worn dotted swiss and bright ribbons.

At last the gates were opened, the track where the great races were to take place lay like a silver circle beyond; the dew was quickly lifted under the warm rays of the morning sun, the town band, in brand new uniforms, marched boldly to the stand prepared for them.

The women crowded into Floral Hall, where prizes were offered for all kinds of efforts, from the art of making the best cake to that of the finest painting. Blue ribbons were floating in the air, but the center of attraction was a calico quilt pieced by old Mother Walker in her ninetyeth year; the colors were so pretty, and her face so withered and faded, that a happy look, like a burst of sunshine, passed over all the faces there when the judge pinned on to the calico quilt the longest blue ribbon she could find.

The men in the meantime gathered in little knots over the velvety field, discussing in excited tones the probable winner in the great three-heat race that would take place early in

the afternoon, and exchanging their hard-earned savings upon their guessing judgment.

Artemus was the favorite; indeed, the attraction that had allured this eager crowd was to witness the contest between these three horses—Artemus, Lily Lochiel, and The Belle of the West.

Now, everyone knew the pedigree of Artemus, for his owner was a popular man, grown old in the history of the county, and was never known to tell an untruth. He had spent delightful hours when Artemus was a tiny, silken colt, relating how great he was and what deeds he would yet do, and so it proved.

When Artemus was but a two-year-old he won the handicap in St. Louis, and after that was the favorite on all the larger tracks. In the last race, however, he had run, at the finish it was noticed that he walked a trifle lame.

With much concern, his owner, Old Dwyer, as he was known, took him home to rest, but it was but a short time when he recuperated, and was joyously happy when he was placed upon the training track, and shook his mane and tossed his head as he dashed around like an arrow, while Old Dwyer, watching him, felt the tears of expectant hope well in his eyes.

And now all nature seemed to favor his re-

turn; the day was as bright as the first russet leaf that falls in September; the large but awkward amphitheater was crowded almost to suffocation—indeed, most of the people had come to cheer Artemus.

Suddenly the air was rent with applause, for there before them stood the horse. His jockey's colors told them who he was.

Artemus must have felt the difference in his surroundings, placed on that bush track. He had seen only the wide, smooth tracks of great cities; so are great men often cut down by small misfortunes.

But his master was beside him, and he did not care. As he stood before that multitude the cheers that rose up caused him to lift his well-bred ears, and a nervous action pervaded his whole body.

Old Dwyer stood near, his flowing gray beard wafted by the wind, caressed the neck of the gentle horse, and many saw such a look of pride on the old man's face as they had only seen on a father's for a favorite son.

At last the bell tolled; the starter cried:

"Go!"

"They're off!" the crowd shouted.

Artemus leads.



"Oh, ain't he grand!" some country girl exclaimed.

At last, with the easy grace of the thoroughbred, Artemus swept in.

The people cheered until they were hoarse.

"Good old Artemus!" "Fine old Artemus!" "Dear old Artemus!" "He'll win in a walk!" they cried.

Excited women and giddy girls threw faded nowers that never reached him.

Old Dwyer, with stooping shoulders and beaming face, tenderly, almost reverently, stepped softly to where the grand animal stood, and said:

"Well done, my boy! You've often saved the old man, and you'll do it to-day, I reckon." Artemus recognized the familiar touch of his master's hand, dropped his head a trifle weary, but with such a look of devotion and gratitude that Old Dwyer's heart thrilled as it had never thrilled for a horse before.

Cheered at every step, the winner of the first heat was led away to his stall to be rubbed down and rested for the next, while all the people ate vigorously of peanuts and drank ginger ale, declaring that there never was such a horse as Artemus in the world.

Again the bell was toned, while cheer after

cheer rent the air as the horses appeared.

"Artemus leads!" comes from the people as if with one voice.

Suddenly an alarm spreads like a panic; every face changes from gay to grave; half way down the track Artemus had faltered, the other horses fled past him.

"See, he starts again!"

He comes in, game to the last, but so far behind that the eye does not care to trace the distance.

A grumbling cry from the people shows their displeasure, while a vulgar voice calls out:

"You're no good, no more! Go back to yer stall!"

Poor Artemus seemed to understand, and, dropping his head nearly to the ground, he lifted a poor, crippled foot as if to apologize; perhaps they did not know that Artemus had broken a tendon and would have to be shot that afternoon.

"Never mind, Artemus! The old man knows you too long to desert you now. And in this hour of pain and defeat I love you all the more! I can't forget that you saved the old farm for me, and your earnings paid my son's way through college. I'll take you back to the old farm, and there you shall rest in peace!"

Slowly Old Dwyer led the limping horse around to his stall, while a sudden frost seemed to sprinkle the old man's hair and beard.

Followed by a crowd of curious men and noisy boys, Artemus passed into the narrow stall that had fed his hopes; he lifted his aching foot again, and his sorrowful eyes seemed to plead an excuse for his failure.

Gently Old Dwyer and the surgeon did everything to give him temporary relief.

The last heat was on, and Artemus could see from the little window that faced the track his rival, never once did he lower his gaze, but watched the winner until the bell was toned, and then he dropped his aching head in the manger, and a groan, almost human, escaped his breaking heart. He knew his finish had come; he knew he had run his last race.

Next morning Old Dwyer and Artemus were found sleeping side by side.

## XXIV.

### THE LITTLE TRAVELER.

BY JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER.

Poor little fellow, I felt sorry for him, he looked so lonely, sitting by himself in the ungainly, faded car seat, with its straight, unbend-

ing back. How closely he snuggled up to the window, too timid to meet the cold, careless stare of his fellow travelers; the sunlight dancing over the hills and through the valleys was far warmer and more cheerful to his childish eyes.

I was sitting opposite to him, and for some reason could not keep my mind from wondering what he was thinking of, whence he had come and where he was going. I tried to interest myself in viewing the landscape, which swiftly swept into a panorama of changing beauty, lighted and tinted by the rays of a September sun; the trees in their regal splendor bowed in a graceful courtesy as we passed them by and wafted from their branches showers of golden russet leaves. Here and there little homes stood, dotting the long stretches of picturesque country, like rude blots on a beautiful painting; but I was not in a mood to enjoy such rugged though beautiful scenery, so turned with a half-vacant stare to the scene within; there were seven of us, including myself.

The little traveler was still gazing out of the window. How stupid and impenetrable were the other faces; each wore a mask of stolid solemnity, a funeral expression, as it were, generally assumed by tourists and pleasure-seekers.

In one seat a thin, sad-faced, tiny woman sat, intently reading "The Power of Women at the Ballot," and opposite her a large, round-faced man, reading a novel. He wore on his head one of those black skull-caps, especially made for traveling. How ugly they are; and in this case the man's smooth-shaven face looked like the moon half covered with black court plaster. Even the fascinating romance, with its shady French quotations, did not serve to keep his attention, for he was constantly changing his position, each time grunting aloud his discomfiture; and when he tried at last to lie down I thought of how an elephant would look in a baby wagon. At last, pulling the cap over his eyes and holding the book in one hand, he grew more quiet, and must have slept, for the book, falling from his hand, made such a noise that the little traveler turned his face from the window. Such an interesting, handsome face it was. A child of nine years of age, slender form, resolute mouth and beautiful eyes, a mouth that was rather broad and straight, but firm and sweetly clean; the lips were like threads of scarlet, and when they parted with a smile, which was not often, I could think of nothing but pearls hung between two red rose leaves, so white and

even were his teeth within; tiny lines had stolen a place around the young mouth, in pathetic little curves which gave the face an older look and made me fear that hidden sadness would suddenly pop up and frighten me into tears; and eyes, not so much the color, as in the expression, yet the color was a matchless blue, like violets set in gems of liquid gray, and around these orbs of almond sweetness dark lashes curled and wove about the violet and the gray a hedgeway which was more fascinating even than the color of the wells beyond—such frank, brave eyes they were, too; eyes that would not flinch from duty, though the heart below them was breaking.

Before I parted from this little traveler I learned, with tears mingled with his, that his heart, young as he was, had known the bitterness of actual heartbreak. He was neatly dressed in black; underneath his coat he wore a soft, white waist, tied at the neck with a silken scarf; and I noticed, too, with considerable interest, that he had fastened to the lapel of his coat a cross made of red ribbon. I could not think of any reason why he should wear so curious a badge, which seemed to be out of place with the quiet dress and sad face.

As my thoughts were engaged in trying to

guess the origin of the ribbon, the car gave a sudden lurch, causing the travelers to tumble out of their seats, and the little traveler came bounding toward me. I was going his way at that instant, and we met almost in an embrace. After an exclamation of surprise, we looked into each other's eyes and laughed outright; such a merry, mirthful laugh his was; it swept out on the air like a peal of joy from guarded bell, glad of its life made free.

The passengers smiled, and the thin woman put down "The Power of Women at the Ballot" and gazed with undeniable admiration at the little fellow, who was by this time quite ashamed of his hilarity, and had sunk down in his seat so low that no one could even see the top of his curly head; the happy smile faded away, and the shadow of some sorrowful thought came creeping into his boyish face. I had some nice red apples with me, so I took them out of the basket and said, going over to him:

"Won't you have an apple?"

He hesitated at first, but, not mistaking the request on my face, he took one.

"And now," said I, "if you don't mind, may I sit by you?"

I could see his face brighten and his beautiful

eyes gladden as he quickly answered, "Yes; please do."

"And do you like apples?" I asked, now seated comfortably beside him.

"I do, very much, thank you," he answered, with quiet politeness that gave token of careful training and watchful care.

I wondered if he were alone; he seemed too young to be traveling by himself. He was eating and enjoying the nice, red apple now, gazing with a half-embarrassed air at his sturdy little boot.

"Where are your mother and father, dear?" I timidly asked, after chatting about apples, and the swiftness of the railroad train, and the big engine that pushed it along, and which he said he would like to ride on.

As one will strike a wound by accident and recoil from the pain it gives, so I felt after I asked that question; the handsome little face, from its moment of childish happiness and smiling contentment, was cast into gloom; the half-eaten apple fell from his hands, and an expression of inexpressible sadness deepened the blue of his eyes, filling them with unshed tears.

Each feature and every fiber of his little form trembled. I was sure he was going to cry outright, turning from me altogether and creeping



close to the window. I could feel the thrill that one feels when a battle is fought and won, for I knew then he did not intend to cry, or even to let me see his emotion. One little, white hand was hanging by his side; how pathetic it looked.

I reached out, and, clasping it in mine, I could feel his soft fingers cling to my stronger ones. Now turning from the window, he said:

"I have my dear mamma yet, but she is sick, very sick, and the doctor said she must go away to a hospital for a long time," and a half-smothered sob escaped the brave lips.

"Don't talk about it any more, dear," I said; "I did not mean to make you unhappy; you see, I thought perhaps you were traveling with your father, and he had left you to go into the smoking-car."

I knew this was a lame apology, but I felt I must say something to excuse myself for asking questions that I would hardly have dared to ask an older person on so short an acquaintance.

He answered, now more composed:

"Oh, no! My papa went away when sister and I were little children."

I could not keep from smiling at the use of the word "children."

Was he anything now but a baby?

"I could only just remember that he was a

big man," he went on, in a quiet, reverent tone, "and used to play 'hoppety-horse' with me and May.

"One day he went away, and I remember how mamma kissed him and cried, and how papa kissed May and me, over and over again, and then went out of our little white gate, down-town; he was going away off to make money out in the gold lands." I knew he meant mining.

"Mamma used to go every day to the post-office after that, and then she would come home and look so queer-like, 'cause she didn't get a letter. May and I could never make her smile; we used to coax her not to go to the old post-office if it made her so sick. One day a letter came, and when mamma read it she fell right off the chair onto the floor, and lay there so still and white that May and I cried and called, 'Mamma! Mamma!'

"May lifted her head, and I gave her some water, and then we kissed and patted her face until she was better. After awhile she got up, but she looked so white that May cried:

"'Don't, mamma, look like that; you make me cry.'

"Then mamma took us into our little bedroom, and, putting one arm around May and another around me, she knelt down by our bed,

and then she told us that papa had gone away forever, and that all she had left in the world was her own dear May and Davie. My name is David, but May called me Davie, and then everyone else did the same," he said, with a half-sigh.

I was by this time thoroughly interested in the little traveler, and had caught two tears stealing down my face as I pictured that sad group of mourners around the small bed; of the young, grief-stricken mother and the helpless little ones.

"And why, dear, do you go away from mamma and little May?" I asked. "Do they not need a brave little man to take care of them?" And I looked down into his face with a smile, which changed quickly enough as I heard him murmur, "May has gone away forever, too."

We were silent some time after that; I was unable to speak, my heart could not reach out a word of the sympathy I felt for this little, lonely boy; but I pressed his hand in mine more closely and my eyes spoke a silent pity as they looked into his, which he seemed to understand.

Taking from his little, square pocket a tiny handkerchief, he wiped away the unbidden tears and continued, in a half-choking voice:

"I try not to cry for her, 'cause it's wicked; but I can't help it; I miss her so much, and I

get so lonesome; she was so cute, and used to do so many funny things; and she was prettier than any little girl I ever saw," he added, half-confidently; "she had soft, curly hair that used to fly in the wind and curl around her head and face; I used to call it angel's hair, because it was so golden. Everybody loved her——"

And a far away look came into the eyes of changing blue.

"And the day they took her away in a white velvet box, with violets and poppies on her breast, the stores where mamma used to go to buy things, and where she used to go with mamma, locked up their doors and darkened the blinds; even the butcher cried, and begged for one of her curls, just to remember her by.

"And she did love me so much; no one could do what her bruver Davie could do. It was always 'Davie do this' and 'Davie come here' "— and his voice sank away in a reverie almost too reminiscent for his years; but, still with that sweet, unrestrained confidence that only children give, he continued:

"You see, mamma had to work in an office after she got that letter about papa. I used to take care of May 'cause mamma would say she looked to me for help, and I must look after

little sister when she was gone, just like a 'little mother.'

"I wouldn't let the boys or girls tease her, and some days I used to dress her up in her little, red dress, with her blue velvet cap with a silk tassel on it, and then we would go for a walk in the park. She used to wish it wasn't wicked to steal the pansies that grew so thick all around; she always liked pansies; she said they had pug-dog and pussy-cat faces."

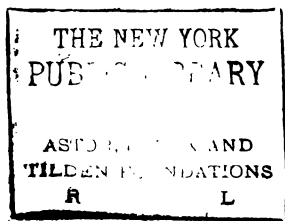
And he laughed at the very memory of her little voice.

"How old was May?" I asked.

"She was five years old in November, and she died this June," he said.

And again he wiped the tears away.

"And she was so well," he continued, "all the day before she was taken sick, so full of laughing, and said such curious things. We were looking at the pictures in the Bible, and I was trying to tell her what mamma had told both of us, when the world began. She wouldn't listen to that, or look at the pictures, but would say, 'Find the picture of Jesus; I like Him best,' and I hunted until I found the picture, where He stands among the children. She drew a long breath and clasped her hands and said she wished she could fly up to God's fence and peek





**"FLIRTS AND MATRONS."  
THE GRANDMOTHER.**

in and see Jesus and hear him say, 'Let the little children come to me.'

"And when mamma came home that night May crept up on her lap, and put her hands on mamma's face and said, 'Who do you love?'

" 'You, darling, better than everything; you and Brother Davie.' Then mamma pressed her so tight and kissed her so hard that May cried out, 'Oh, you take my bref away.'

" 'Then she laid her head on mamma's shoulder and said:

" 'Dear mamma, you mustn't love me and Davie best; you must love God best,' and her voice was so sweet as she said:

" 'God gave us to you, and gave our own sweet mamma to us.'

"And, after awhile, she said she hoped that she 'would go up to Heaven in a pretty white velvet box with pansies and white violets on her breast.' She said she would give the pansies to Jesus and the violets to papa.

"Then mamma cried so hard, and made her stop talking, and May said, 'Dear mamma, why do you cry? Is it not nice to talk of Heaven?' Mamma said, 'Yes,' and kissed her, and put on her little, white gown, and soon she fell asleep.

"I woke up in the night and saw mamma kneeling down by my bed, and I heard her say-



ing something about God sparing her precious one. May was sleeping, and I did not speak.

"In the morning mamma had to go away early, before May or I waked up. May got awfully cross; nothing pleased her; she didn't like the breakfast mamma had left for us.

"After breakfast we went into the garden to play under the big maple tree. She wouldn't let me play with anything; wanted my marbles and knife and everything, and then I grew tired and scolded her, and told her to go into the house and stay until she could be a nice little girl. You see, I had never been so cross before, and a look of pain came into her eyes. She looked awfully scared, and dropped my marbles and went into the house, crying."

His voice faltered. My arm stole around his shoulder; he turned his eyes to the window and gazed on the golden hills beyond. Nearly all the passengers were sleeping. The fat man was snoring a sort of a double whistle, which, in the stillness and solemnity of the scene, sounded more weird than ridiculous. The setting sun was painting the sky in a glorious dress of purple-hued clouds, edging them with a dull magenta vapor of lace-air and lining them with silver, until the earth was resplendent with a glorious light. "What a glorious vision!" I ex-

claimed, fully awake for the first time to the power and handiwork of the Master.

"And do you think May saw God when He was making the sky so pretty?" the little traveler reverently asked, still looking into the space beyond with a sad, penetrating gaze, as if his very eyes must pierce the veil that hid her sunny face from his.

Oh, childish faith! I could not answer him, but who shall say she did not?

"Mamma came home early on that day; said she couldn't work, that May had been feverish all night, and somehow she felt that she must see her. Then I told her how cross she had been, and that I had sent her in the house. Mamma said that perhaps she wasn't well, and went in to see her.

"Pretty soon she came to the door, with May in her arms, and she looked scared-like, and told me to go for the doctor."

Slowly the dark, curly head dropped on the little coat sleeve, while stifled sobs shook the slender form. I bowed my head low over his shoulder, and we two travelers in this thin vale of tears wept for dear, silent little May.

"Supper served in the dining-car," sounded on our ears, bringing us back from the lonely valley. Taking from my handsatchel a bottle

of violet water, I dampened a fresh linen handkerchief and gently wiped the tears from his pleading, trembling face. The dear, hot hands, too, were bathed.

"How nice that smells," he said, sniffing up the fragrance by taking long breaths, which swelled his well-built chest, and I noticed, too, as he stood, that he had square shoulders.

"Yes, dear," I said; "it is delightful, and it will make you feel cool and rested."

Just then the fat man, half asleep, called out, "Supper! Who said supper?" At that we laughed, the lad's laugh always reminding me of a bell which rang a merry note. We went into the dining-car. How pretty the room looked, with its white-spread tables and green potted plants, set about in regular procession; clean, shining silver, and the bottles filled with pure, clear water.

"You're to have supper with me," I said, assuming an air of ready-made gaiety; "it isn't often I have the opportunity of inviting a young gentleman to supper with me, so I am sure you will not refuse."

"I will sit here and eat at your table, but I have money to pay for it. Uncle Arthur sent me money for all my needs. It is to his house I am going."

"Oh, waiter," I said, as one approached, "I want you to serve us a nice supper; a broiled chicken, fried potatoes, hot biscuits, and a nice glass of milk. Do you like preserved peaches?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he quickly replied, "and May did, too."

Even in the midst of a feast he could not forget the memory of his idolized sister.

"So you are going to visit your uncle?" I asked, after the waiter had gone with the order. "Where does he live? In Trenton? Why, how splendid! I live in New York, and that's only a little way from Trenton. Perhaps I shall see you again, some time. Here is my card and address. Perhaps you will write me a letter and let me know how you are getting on." Placing the card in his pocket, he said:

"I wish I had your picture, too; I would like to send it to mamma; she would be so glad to know anyone who had been kind to her little boy."

And his eyes filled with tears, as he thought of the time which must elapse before he could look into his dear mother's face again.

"When did you see your uncle last, and are you fond of him?" I asked.

"Why, I have never seen him," he answered,

with a smile. "That is why I am wearing this ribbon cross." I had quite forgotten it in the interest I felt over the story he had told me.

"Mamma," he continued, "wrote to uncle when she got that letter about papa, and uncle answered her a kind letter, and said he would take the boy, meaning me, and send him to school. Uncle said he was a poor man, but he guessed he could make room for his 'dear sister's child.' Mamma read the letter to May and me, and May burst into tears, and, jumping down from her high chair, she threw her arms about my neck and cried so loud, and said no big, bad man could take her bruver away.

"Then mamma kissed us, and, rocking May to sleep, said she earned money enough to keep us together, she thought.

"And so she did, until May died; after that she just sat around, looking so white. Then she got that awful sickness, and they took her away to the hospital."

"Here's our nice, hot supper," I said, fearing to let his thoughts wander back to the sickbed of his mother; "and now we shall see what we shall see, and eat what we shall eat."

Our dinner tasted good, and the little traveler ate with the relish of a strong, healthy boy. When we had finished, I looked at my watch.

"Do you know, my boy, you are nearing Trenton? Here, write your name on this card. And now your mamma's, with her address. And now, Davie, you will allow me to pay for the supper in return for the pleasure of your company." And so, with blushes and some hesitation, he consented to be my guest.

Would I ever have that pleasure again? I appeared to be very gay, but in reality it made me sad to think of the parting with the little traveler, as one regrets to return from communion with birds, sweet wood-violets and heart's-ease to the stern reality of matter-of-fact life. Taking him by the hand, we returned to our red-cushioned car, a sigh escaping as I looked again into his marvelous eyes and sweet, honest face. Twilight had stolen upon us, and as I gazed out into its depths, the trees, the valleys and hills all seemed to blend together in weeping mist. Just then the conductor came and said:

"Well, my boy, you get off at the next station; have you had a good time?" he kindly asked.

The little traveler looked up into my face as he answered:

"Yes, sir; thank you," and the look he gave me was full of childish love and boyish confidence.

"In five minutes we will be at Trenton. I'll help you off the train," said the conductor, as he left us.

I helped him gather up his few little trifles, and together we packed them into his tiny satchel. "And will you know your uncle?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; he will wear a red cross, like this one," placing his finger on the cross of red. "Mamma sent it to him, so if I should see him first, I should know who he was."

"Trenton." The train is slowing up. "And now, Davie, dear," I said, "you will remember to write to me and tell me how you like your new home, and if your mother is improving; and you will kiss me good-by, won't you?" How quickly he placed his soft lips to mine, in that hearty, loving way one likes, saying:

"I will write you as best I can; I don't write very well, though," and his face turned red.

"Here we are," I said, as the train halted and then stopped. I followed the little traveler to the door, holding his hand in mine until the conductor lifted him by both arms to the platform below. I lingered near, hoping to catch a glimpse of the uncle. Suddenly the crowd parted, as a fine-looking, anxious-faced man walked hurriedly through their midst. There was the red

cross, pinned to his coat. His quick eye sees the figure of the boy, standing there alone. He sees the ribbon, the cross of red, and in another moment lifts the boy, satchel and all, up in his strong arms, and while my heart beats a happy measure, he kisses the firm, beautiful mouth.

"All aboard!" The train moves on; we are leaving the station, but in the gathering darkness I distinguish the form of a strong man and the figure of a child, walking side by side into the future, and in the dusk of a fading day I catch the flutter of a handkerchief waving from the hand of the little traveler.

### OH! TELL ME, DEAR.

BY MISS JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER.

Some day the shadows which are dim  
Will clear away; a holy hymn  
Will thrill our hearts and love renew,  
Till skies grow bright with lurid hue!  
Is it far distant? Tell me, dear.

Some morn our hands shall meet again,  
The fading stars will let us reign,  
Love ne'er grows old, nor does it die,  
The fault was ours. Shall you and I  
Forget the past? Oh, tell me, dear?



Some time when lost in fond embrace  
We'll see each other face to face,  
Our souls unite, new promise made,  
In love renewed that shall not fade!  
To be as one! Oh, tell me, dear.

## XXV.

## LECTURE ON EUGENE FIELD.

BY MISS POTTER.

Whether or not the prose and poetry of Eugene Field will inherit everlasting fame in classic literature is a question not yet settled, but that his name will live in the simple home life of childhood and wherever a "Little Boy Blue is missing," or where the voice of a tender mother lulls her babe to sleep with "rock-a-by-so into hush-a-by street," so long as bad boys will be "seein' things at night," so long as tired men and weary women will wander with him through his loved books and quaint remarks referring to our most honored and classic writers in "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," so long will Eugene Field's name be cut in jewelled letters and traced with tears and smiles into the granite-

rock that stands guarded by genius and wrapt in love.

It was my good fortune to have the friendship of Mr. Field. I remember well, it was at my first appearance in public.

It was in Chicago, at the Press Club annual benefit. Mr. Field and a dozen noted people were on the programme. I was then a raw, easily frightened amateur. I remember so well my anxiety to be a success, and my utter lack of confidence. I was quite unknown, and was patiently seated in the wings, near the stage, awaiting my turn. I was nearly the last on the programme.

"A sort of something to close up with," I heard the chairman remark. How I longed for some of the artists to speak to me, but I longed in vain. I was only looked at critically, with absolute indifference. A lump began to rise in my throat and tears to my eyes.

The little white silk frock I wore, that seemed so pretty now, appeared common amongst the rich, bespangled satins. I grew desperate. My heart beat so fast. I felt so suddenly alone that I quite decided to leave the theater at once.

I looked up, and there, directly in front of me, stood a tall, lank, clean-shaven, blue-eyed man, with a wealth of sympathy in his face and a

kindly light in his eye. His intuitive nature seemed to have understood my thoughts, for often afterward, he laughingly declared, but for him I should never have traveled farther than Chicago. In a gentle manner, he asked me if I were to sing or recite. I remember how my voice trembled when I said I was going to recite. He then opened a programme and asked, "Which is your number?" I pointed at my name. His face grew brighter, as he said, "I have often heard of you, and such nice things, too." I know now that he had not, but at that moment I was too pleased to consider that I was only known in a small village of a few hundreds, the name of which, until that evening, Mr. Field had never heard. I then asked him what he was to do. He answered, "I am a poet, and, as no one will buy or recite my poetry, why, I got on this programme somehow, and I am going to recite it myself." All this he said with the most profound sweetness. People began to stand about us, until finally some one called, "You next, Mr. Field."

I looked at my programme, and for the first time I knew that I had been talking to Eugene Field, the most-loved member of the Chicago Press Club. "Let me see!" he said, "Where are you on the programme? What? Nearly at

the end," he exclaimed, examining the paper. "That will never do. People are tired before then, and you will be tired, and the little girl from Patch Grove (the name of my native town) will have no chance to win. Just wait here a minute. I will see the chairman," leaving me. Already my heart was lighter, and the lump in my throat had disappeared, while the artists whose names were world-known looked at me with more curiosity and less criticism.

Very soon Mr. Field returned. "I have it," he said, as joyous as a boy; "I arranged that you should recite in my place, and I in yours. I will introduce you to the audience and make an excuse for my not appearing at this time." In vain I tried to persuade him not to mind, but that was of no avail. Well! When I was led on the stage, before the vast audience, by that grand, unselfish man, I was so overjoyed that I stumbled over a rug, and knocked over a chair, and laughed outright, a rather hysterical laugh, which served to set the people in an uproar. In a few words Mr. Field introduced me, and the people cheered him, and then I recited again and again and again and again, until I felt the world had been conquered in that brief night.

I met Mrs. Field and the children afterwards—such a charming family they were, and how

he loved that little flock. He told me that the "Fairies of Pesth" was inspired by his own little one, who had always been delicate, and died at the age of six. Mr. Field was a welcome visitor in all the homes of Chicago, and especially in the home of the late Mr. Scott, editor of the Chicago Herald, and during my sojourn in that city, two years ago, I was the guest of Mrs. Scott every Sunday, and Mr. Field would bring his little tots, and those whom he may have met on the way, to Mr. Scott's, to play with the children there. How they tumbled over him and begged for stories, and how untiring he was in his efforts to please them—and of all the children he was quite the simplest.

There was no room for jealousy in that great heart, he was so happy over the success of others. I was present once at an entertainment where Mr. James Whitcomb Riley was entertaining.

I sat near Mr. Field's party. During an interval I heard a man remark to Mr. Field, "Oh, old man, I would rather read one of your poems than hear Riley recite his best." Mr. Field's face bore a look of quick resentment, as he answered, "You are wrong; Riley is great, a genius. I write verses, only verses. You don't know what you are talking about, old fellow."

Just then Mr. Riley reappeared upon the platform, and as he recited Mr. Field's face softened into tenderness, and at the close I saw him quietly put his handkerchief to his eyes. He would not listen to cruel remarks, and defended his friends in such a vigorous manner that few cared to assail them within his presence.

When poor Bill Nye made a failure, some few months ago, in a town near by, the people and the press took up the cry and sent it broadcast that Nye was drunk, and out of Mr. Nye's many hundreds of friends only Mr. Field came forward and, with convincing earnestness, maintained that Mr. Nye was ill and not drunk, which his subsequent death proved. Mr. Field had many peculiarities. One was to gather about him old books, old brass plate and pewter-ware, but especially was he fond of books, and his library without doubt most unique and valuable, that the great Northwest will not own again for some time. Many of his books were bought at a great personal sacrifice, and perhaps his habit of lying, night after night, reading in bed hastened him away to the hushed land. He never lost his love for fairy literature. He said, in his chapter, "Oh, the luxury of reading in bed," and he taught me to renew my acquaintance with some of those old tales which

so often have delighted and solaced me. So I piled at least twenty chosen volumes on the table at the head of my bed, and I daresay it was nigh daylight when I fell asleep. I began my entertainment with "Keightley's Fairy Mythology" and followed it up with random bits from "Crofton Crokers," "Traditions of the South of Ireland," Mrs. Carey's "Legends of the French Provinces," and then Lula Goldard's "Golden Weathercock," "Frere," "Easter's Fairy Legends," etc., etc.

No wonder his fairy stories are so strangely quaint. Of the luxury of reading in bed, he continues: "All good and true book-lovers practice the pleasing and improving avocation of reading in bed. Thomas Hearn (of blessed memory) not only read in bed, but would always take a book with him whenever he went walking," Field continues, and always wondered why book-lovers do not care more for Hearn than they do. He was a simple man and a great scholar. As if to excuse this habit of lying awake all night to read old—and much of it—mythical literature, Mr. Field refers to Dr. Johnson, that able and scholarly man, and cites that Professor Porson, the Greek scholar, this human monument of learning, was also a slave to the habit of reading in bed. He would

lie down with his books piled around him, then light his pipe and start upon some favorite volume. A jug of liquor was invariably at hand, for Porson was a famous drinker.

"Another slovenly fellow," says Field, "was De Quincey. He not only read in bed until clear daylight, but took no care of his books, nor did he ever return a borrowed volume, and would often, to save the trouble of writing, tear a quotation that had pleased him." That Field was a devoted friend to his books is clearly shown in these few lines.

As for myself, I never go away from home without a trunk full of books, for experience has taught me that there is no companionship better than that of books.

In the morning of November 4 the soul of this gentle and remarkable man passed away.

On the table, folded and sealed, were the memoirs of the "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac." All around him, on the shelves and in the cases, were the books he loved so well.

His brother, Roswell Martin Field, says, "Could they beam upon you less lovingly, great heart, in the chamber warmed by your affections, and now sanctified by death?"



## XXVI.

## SWINGING IN THE GRAPEVINE SWING.

SAMUEL MINTERN PECK.

(One of Miss Potter's Favorite Recitations.)

## I.

When I was a boy on the old plantation,  
Down by the deep bayou,  
The fairest spot in all creation,  
Under the arching blue:  
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,  
To the long slip loops I'd spring,  
With brown feet bare and hat brim torn,  
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing.  
Laughing when the wild birds sing,  
I dream and sigh for the days gone by,  
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

## II.

Out o'er the water lilies bonnie and bright,  
Back to the moss-grown trees,  
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light  
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze;  
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,  
I longed for no angel's wing,  
I was just as near Heaven as I wanted to be,  
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,  
Swinging in the grapevine swing,  
O, to be a boy, with a heart full of joy,  
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

## III.

I'm weary at morn, I'm weary at night,  
I'm fretted and sore at heart,  
And care is sowing my locks with white,  
As I wend through the fevered mart.  
I'm tired of the world, with its pomp and pride,  
And fame seems a worthless thing;  
I'd barter them all for one day's romp  
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,  
Laughing when the wild birds sing:  
I would I were away from the world to-day,  
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

[THE END.]





THE HOMESTEAD.  
PATCH GROVE, WISCONSIN.



# **"The Whirligig of Time"**

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**Author of "Chickens Come Home to Roost"**

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